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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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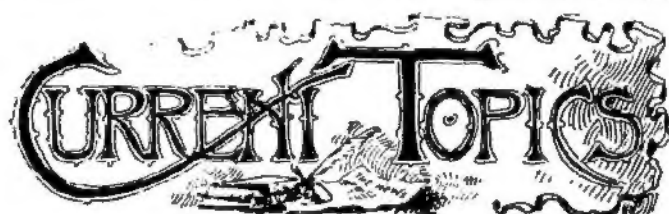
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30th MAY, 1891.



Another 24th of May has come and gone, and our honoured Sovereign has entered on her seventy-third year. Throughout Canada truly Royal weather prevailed, and aided greatly in the enjoyment of the day. Of our national holidays, the Queen's Birthday has always been one of the best observed; but this year the anniversary was honoured throughout the Dominion with an unusual degree of enthusiasm and abstention from business. Parades of many of our best regiments gave additional brilliancy to the event, and a bright display of bunting was to be seen on all sides. Our leading journals voiced the occurrence with a truly patriotic ring, and in several instances excellent portraits of HER MAJESTY graced their pages; of these may be mentioned the *Toronto Globe*, and one of our French contemporaries, *Le Samedi*. Few congregations left church last Sunday without hearing eloquent allusions to the event, and the strains of the National Anthem constituted a marked feature in many services. And at not a few tables was the toast:

THE QUEEN. GOD BLESS HER.

So say we.

Our Prize Story Competition.

At the request of many who considered that we had not allowed sufficient time in which to write stories for our prize competition, we have decided to extend the limit two months beyond the period first named, so that the competition will not close until the 1st of AUGUST next. This should enable many more to compete.

Lord Lorne on Canada.

One of the most able articles in the literature of the month is the paper on "CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES" by the MARQUIS OF LORNE, in the current number of the *North American Review*. As a recent vice-regal representative, brought by virtue of his office into intimate relations with the Canadian ministry and people, he has had unusual facilities for the acquirement of a sound knowledge of the national temper of the inhabitants of the Dominion; and to these facilities he has evidently since added, from time to time, a careful study of the various phases of national and political life which have arisen among us. This is evidenced by the many thoughtful contributions

from his pen to recent literature on Canadian topics, which have appeared in the leading magazines. The article now spoken of is a calm and unbiased statement of facts showing the utter folly and uselessness of talk of annexation. To the average Canadian this may seem unnecessary; he knows, or ought to know, that such a sentiment is held only by a few scheming plotters, who, despised and hated by true Canadians and held in contempt by honest Americans, have sacrificed their nationality for pecuniary advantage, and are false-hearted enough to enjoy British privileges and at the same time to vent their spleen on everything British. But to the great mass of the readers of the leading foreign magazines, it is well to be told by a high and impartial authority what are the facts of the case; how misleading were the statements made by an Americanized Canadian in the January number of the *Review*; how excellent and truly democratic is the system of government under which Canada is ruled; how false is the charge that Canada is and has been unfriendly to the United States; what national spirit and ambition exist to-day in the minds of the great mass of the Canadian people; and what constituents of future greatness are possessed by the Dominion. These, and many more facts, are given by the talented writer; and the whole effect of his remarks will be to place Canadian national matters in a fair and honest light before an intelligent nation, and also to confirm our people in their faith. His closing words should be remembered by all: "Should they (the United States) refuse (to be neighbourly) the interruption will but make more visible that bright spark of patriotism whose light has before now illuminated the darker passages of Canada's history, and will become yet more intense as the mighty motive power of national life makes her move with an ever firmer step towards that future she is conscious she will inherit."

The 100th in India.

We note with much pleasure the high encomiums paid by the press in India to the men of the Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians) for the heroic manner in which they fought a great fire that took place in Agra on 23rd March last. Canadians have a peculiar interest in this corps. It occupies, in the *Army List*, the unique position of being the only regiment raised in a colony solely for Imperial service; and continuously on that duty since its enrolment, the battalions sent by Australia in 1885 to aid the Mother Country in the Egyptian war being only for service during the existence of that campaign. On the ground of national ties and of old association, the Hundredth is fondly remembered by many throughout Canada; and the story of the plucky fight with fire will be received with great pleasure by the numerous friends of the corps.

Ruffianism in St. Johns.

The details of the brutal attacks made recently by the roughs of St. Johns, Que., on the few girls of the Salvation Army holding service there, show a state of civic mis-administration that would be a disgrace to a colony of Hottentots. Religious and national differences of thought should make no difference to the view that ought to be taken of the affair. It is impossible to condemn the offenders too strongly; not only the ruffians who created the disturbances at the meetings and attacked the women on their way home—blackguards of that nature exist in every large town, and would always act in a like manner if unchecked—but also the valiant police and their chiefs, to whom the outrages were duly reported. We are told of the consolation given to the sufferers by these worthy representatives of law and order, and truly it is unique in its way. One official gravely informed the complainant "That there must be something wrong with the meetings if the 'boys' (mark the gentle term) acted badly in them." Another custodian of the majesty of the law who came to the door when the disorder had reached an appalling point, cheered the Salvationists by saying that if the noise did not cease the Mayor would

have the place closed up. This was the extent of the police "protection" afforded to the women. It is revolting that such gross inefficiency should exist in a Canadian town, and that those rights and liberties which British subjects expect should be denied to a few girls who chose to express their religious views in a peculiar fashion. Only two explanations of this official incompetence can be given—fear of the ruffians who made the disturbance, or national and religious partiality. To police inefficiency such as this must be attributed many of those attacks on similarly-employed women that have been so noticeable in various cities in this Province during late years.

The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891. QUESTIONS.

FOURTH SERIES.

- 19.—Give particulars of a new railway mentioned as likely to be undertaken by the Russian Government?
- 20.—What comparison is made with a noted encounter mentioned in one of Captain Marryatt's novels?
- 21.—What feature of Canadian life is said to be specially noted by strangers?
- 22.—Where is mention made of the famous struggle between Char-nisay and La Tour?
- 23.—Give name of a blind lady who has recently passed with high honours through a university and mention one of her chief accomplishments.
- 24.—Who was the author of "Quebec Vindicata" and give a brief sketch of his life.

NOTE.--All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 147 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January, February, March and April.

OUR ENGRAVING

T. B. AKINS, D.C.L.—Thomas Beamish Akins was born at Liverpool, N.S., on the 1st of February, 1809, and died at Halifax, of pneumonia, on the 6th of May, 1891. His father, Thomas Akin (who added an "s" to his surname), was a merchant of Liverpool. Dr. Akins was educated in Halifax, where he was called to the Bar in 1831. His practice, which was chiefly that of a solicitor, was wholly discontinued many years ago. At an early age he became interested in provincial history. While a lad he assisted Haliburton in collecting facts for his "Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia," and some thirty-six years later he supplied a large portion of the materials for Murdoch's more elaborate history. In 1857 a grant was made for the arrangement and preservation of documents illustrative of Nova Scotian history and progress, and Dr. Akins was appointed the Commissioner of Public Records. This appointment he held until his death. The new Record Commissioner found everything in confusion, except the papers in the Provincial Secretary's office; but he succeeded in arranging and cataloguing them in a way that has won the applause of several historians. To the papers originally confided to his keeping he made most valuable additions, considering the slender means at his disposal. His materials for the single volume of selections, which he was authorized to publish, were chosen with much judgment, and the value of the book is largely increased by his excellent biographical and explanatory notes. Many quotations from this work and several tributes to its excellence may be found in volumes 4, 5 and 8 of the "Narrative and Critical History of America," edited by Justice Winsor. Parkman terms it "a government publication of great value." It is as freely, but not so appreciatively, quoted by MM. Rameau and Casgrain. The charges preferred against Dr. Akins of suppressing and garbling manuscripts in his printed "Selections" cannot be fully discussed here. I think the Abbé Casgrain will regret these charges (so widely repeated in France), which he made on seemingly good evidence, but in ignorance of the man. Dr. Akins was a single-minded lover of historic truth. I feel that M. Casgrain would have instinctively recognized this had these two historians met. The distinguished abbé was not aware, when he framed his accusations, that the documents (all of them I fancy, but certainly nearly all) which he thought were wilfully omitted were not in the possession of Dr. Akins when his "Selections" were published; that Dr. Akins himself never crossed the Atlantic; and that if any copyist acting for him overlooked or imperfectly transcribed any important document in London or elsewhere it was wholly without the knowledge or direction of the Record Commissioner. In his abhorrence of strife, he hesitated to strike even in self-defence, and in his dread of notoriety he held back more than one champion who was ready to strike in his behalf. That no papers designed to vindicate him will be found in the new volume of the Nova Scotia Historical Society is due only to his own strongly expressed wishes. Besides his "Selections from the Public Documents of Nova Scotia" (Halifax, 1869), Dr. Akins was the author of a short history of the University of King's College, Windsor, N.S. (Halifax, 1865); of two pamphlets, "Rise and Progress of the Church of England in the British North American Provinces" (Halifax, 1849), and "Prize Essay on the History of the Settlement of Halifax," (Halifax, 1847), and of two or three papers printed in the "Collections" of the Nova Scotia Historical Society. At the time of his death he was vice-president of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, of which he had been president in the year 1882. He was an honorary or corresponding member of the American, the Massachusetts, the Quebec, the Maryland, the Texas and other historical societies. King's College gave him an honorary D.C.L. in 1865; but, notwithstanding this distinction, he modestly preferred being

addressed as Mr. Akins. He was a zealous and intelligent bibliophile, and he had a large and valuable collection of 15th and 16th century books, some of which he had some years ago presented to the library of King's College, whose chief attraction they are. The rest of these, with all his miscellaneous books, he has willed to the same library. His famous and unique collection of books and pamphlets relating to Nova Scotia and other provinces of British North America is, however, bequeathed conditionally to the Nova Scotia Historical Society, provided the society supplies safe and suitable accommodation for the collection and keeps it apart from their other effects. Dr. Akins was a charming raconteur, a gentleman of the old school, a kind friend, and a doer of generous deeds who shrank from letting his left hand know the good that his right hand wrought. He was the greatest authority on the history and antiquities of Nova Scotia and, perhaps, the Maritime Provinces. His antiquarian zeal was not stimulated by any desire for fame. And yet, when many who are now playing prominent parts on the world's stage are



THE LATE DR. T. B. AKINS, D.C.L., OF HALIFAX, N.S.

quite forgotten, this retiring scholar will be gratefully remembered by students of Provincial and Canadian history. A resolution regretting the death of Dr. Akins and eulogizing his services, was moved by the Attorney-General, seconded by the Leader of the Opposition, and unanimously adopted by the Nova Scotia House of Assembly.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DELEGATES BEFORE THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—On the 23rd April last a noteworthy scene was enacted in the House of Lords, one which brought prominently before us the widely extended range of the Empire and yet its practical centralization in the city of London. There appeared at the Bar of the House, by special permission, the members of the delegation sent from Newfoundland to protest against the Knutsford Bill, which had been introduced by the Imperial Government as a step towards the temporary abatement of the excitement over the French claims, which has been so prominent a feature of Newfoundland politics for the past few months. There was a full attendance of peers, including the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence; the galleries were crowded, and a great number of the members of the House of Commons were present. On the presentation of the

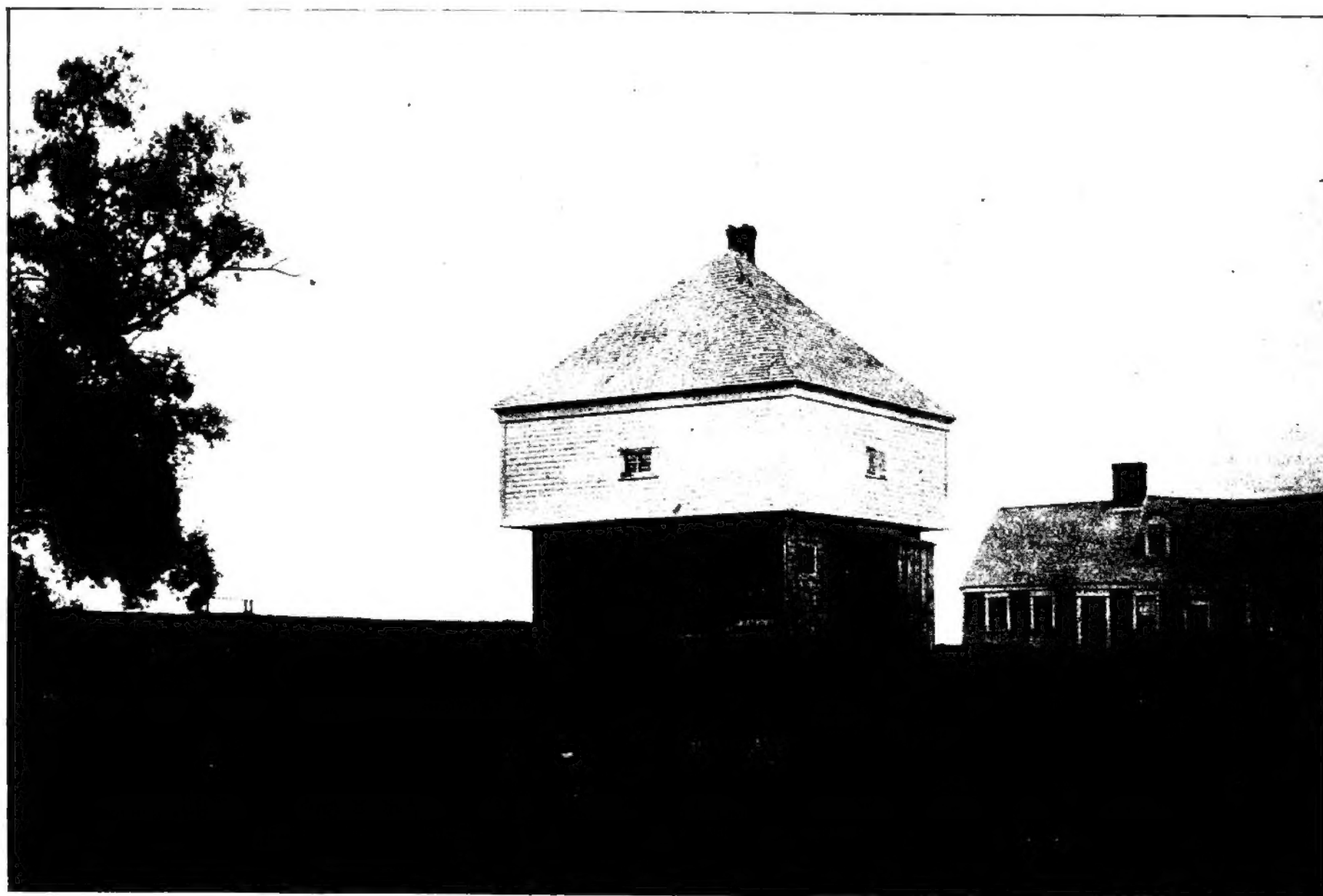
petition for audience, the assent of the Government was given and the House thereupon granted a hearing. The delegates then advanced to the Bar of the House, and Sir William Whiteway, Premier of the Colony, read a statement which detailed at great length the objections to the Bill, after which the delegates withdrew. Of the members of the delegation we to-day present to our readers portraits of Sir W. V. Whiteway, K.C.M.G., Premier of Newfoundland and chairman of the delegation, and also of Mr. A. B. Morine, who is leader of the Opposition in the Colonial House of Assembly. Sir W. V. Whiteway is an Englishman by birth, coming from the fair County of Devon. He was born in 1828, and when 16 years of age came out to the Colony in which he now occupies such a distinguished position. When 30 years of age he was elected a member of the Assembly, of which he became Speaker six years later; in 1873 he was appointed Solicitor-General, and became Attorney-General and Premier in 1878. After holding this position for seven years he retired from politics, but in 1889 again came into the field, being re-elected for Trinity district; he again holds the position of Attorney-General and Premier. As a man of marked ability, he early saw the advantages that would accrue to the Island from its union with Canada, and in 1869 publicly advocated confederation; but the voice of

of the people showed them to be unfavourable to this measure, although a step which would have in all probability long ago settled the whole trouble of French treaty rights. In 1880 he received the honour of knighthood for his services on the Halifax Fishery Commission and on the French Shore Question in 1879, 1881 and 1890. As chairman of the delegation, Sir William read at the Bar of the House of Lords the statement which he and his colleagues had drawn up. Mr. Alfred B. Morine, the leader of the Opposition, is a Nova Scotian by birth, having been born in that province in 1857; he is therefore but 34 years of age, and is the youngest member on the delegation. Mr. Morine removed to Newfoundland in 1883, and three years later was elected to the House of Assembly, representing the district of Bonavista; in the election held two years ago he was re-elected for that constituency, and was also appointed to the leadership of the Opposition party. Mr. Morine is a journalist, being editor of the leading Opposition newspaper. He is also a warm advocate of federation with Canada, and it is probable that his vigour and influence in that direction will do much to lead public opinion in favour of such a step. For our illustrations of this event we are indebted to the *Illustrated London News* and *Graphic*.

ROYAL NAVAL FIELD GUN DETACHMENT.—

At Esquimaux, B.C., and at Halifax, N.S., our only naval stations, may be at times seen a drill of Jack Tars such as shown in our engraving. The necessities of the naval service often demand that the sailors co-operate with land forces, or act independently on shore as a military body, and for this purpose frequent drill is kept up, both in infantry work and in the handling and use of light cannon. The view now shown represents a gun detachment from one of H. M. ships on the Pacific station drilling at Esquimaux, B.C.

BLOCK HOUSE AT FORT EDWARD, WINDSOR, N.S.—One of the most important posts in Nova Scotia during the old French and Indian wars was that at Windsor, N.S., known as Fort Pisiquid or Fort Edward. It commanded the extensive and fertile marshes of the Avon and the St. Croix, which in 1755 supported nearly 3000 Acadians. The first block house seems to have been erected here in 1749. The fort was built in 1750 by Major Lawrence, and was, at the expulsion of the French, commanded by Capt. A. Murray, who in that undertaking vigorously co-operated with Col. Winslow. It was described by Col. Morse in 1784 as a small square fort of 85 yards exterior front with bastions, a ditch and a raised counterscarp, and composed of sod, containing about 175 men and officers, and mounting eight guns. French prisoners to the number of nearly 400 at a time were confined here so late as 1764. During the Revolutionary War it was put in order as a protection against American privateers. The works are now in ruins. We are indebted to Mr. L. A. Allison for this view.



BLOCK HOUSE AND PART OF OLD BARRACKS, FORT EDWARD, WINDSOR, N. S.

Our London Letter.

LONDON, May 9, 1891.

There has just died at Brighton, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, an actor who was world famous only a few years back, but now, alas, almost forgotten. It was in 1840 that Barry Sullivan first appeared, but it was not until fifteen years later, in 1855, that he first made a hit and became known in London. And then, instead of remaining in London and following up his hard earned and certainly well deserved popularity, he needs must go touring in America and the provinces, so that when he returned to town as the lessee of the old Ho'born Theatre in 1868, he found that he was comparatively unknown among the younger generation of playgoers, and that he was altogether out of touch with the dramatic feeling and demands of the time. But he was the idol of the provinces and of the colonies, where he played many parts and was universally admired. Barry Sullivan was decidedly an actor of the old school. He felt that although he had made money he had never received due recognition from the hands of the play-going public, and he was correspondingly jealous of those younger and perhaps cleverer men who had outstripped him in the race for dramatic honours—Irving, Beerbohm Tree and the rest.

Death has been unusually busy among our famous men this week. Dr. Magee was born at Cork in 1821, and was already seventy years of age when appointed, three months ago, by Lord Salisbury, to the Archbishopric of York, so that it could hardly have been expected that he would hold the post long—the work in connection with the diocese being exceedingly heavy. It was influenza that carried Dr. Magee off,—influenza of a particularly violent type is playing sad havoc, both in London and in the provinces. Indeed the list of eminent men who are down with it is quite alarming.

Mr. William Westall, a novelist, who is rapidly making a name for himself for imaginative work, has just published a new "shilling shocker," entitled, "Back to Africa" (*Ward and Downey*), which is almost sure to create a great sensation. It is a mere sketch, being somewhat shorter than the general run of novels of its class, telling the story

of a doctor who has lived for some years in Central Africa, where he has become so used to the shedding of blood (he has been appointed executioner in-chief to a large tribe, of cannibal propensities) that it has lost its horror for him. He escapes, however, and finds his way back to London, where he finds the craving for blood still so strong upon him that he cannot subdue it, and he commences a series of crimes in the East end of a type similar to the now historic Whitechapel murders. Written with a great deal more care and power than the ordinary shilling novel, Mr. Westall's work deserves to succeed, and I can recommend it to all lovers of one hour's sensational fiction.

Mr. F. C. Phillips, the novelist, has just been trying his hand, in collaboration with Mr. Perc. Fendall, at play-making, and with no small measure of success. His farce, "Husband and Wife," was produced at a trial matinee at the Criterion last week, and went remarkably well. It has the merit of being very much up-to-date and opportune just now when the Clitheroe abduction case is in everyone's mouth. The play has also some novel situations and smart dialogue, and I hope will be seen before very long in the evening bill of some well known theatre.

The American edition of Mr. Stead's *Review of Reviews* is now in full swing, and he consequently has had more time to improve the London edition. This month (May) it is better than ever. The character sketch is Pope Leo XIII., written from two points of view, by Mr. Stead himself, and one of the best known journalists in Rome, and one who is privileged to have constant access to the presence of the Holy Father. Mr. Stead has always been severely criticised for his leanings towards Rome, and this new article is sure to provoke an extraordinary amount of criticism and attention. The "book of the month" is Mr. William Morris's "News from Nowhere," of which Mr. Stead gives a very clever abstract. By the way the *Religious Review of Reviews* has been attacking Mr. Stead in a series of articles, entitled, "Christ or Anti-Christ? Is Mr. W. T. Stead a Representative of Christianity?" Apart from the right and wrong of the question, surely such an article comes with a very bad grace from a magazine which has borrowed (to use no harsher term) Mr. Stead's title and

idea, and even copied with great exactitude the general get up and appearance of the real *Review of Reviews*.

Mr. Cecil Raikes, the much abused and the much hated Postmaster-General, who, a month ago, was so very averse to giving the public any convenience, of any sort, seems to have entirely changed his front. He has allowed a new company, styling themselves the "Stamp Distribution Syndicate (limited)," to attach an automatic machine to each pillar box, in order to supply the public with a penny stamp when needed. But it is not only the stamp which one will get for a penny, for one will also get a small note book (which can be used for note paper) and an envelope. Of course every stamp will cost the company a penny, but they hope to get a return for their outlay by filling the pocket-book with advertisements.

"Ex Commissioner" Frank Smith, not content with severing his connection from the Salvation Army, has just started a paper which is run more or less in opposition to, and certainly in imitation of, the *War Cry*. He calls his paper *The Worker's Cry*, and he advocates the establishment of a Labor (why not "labour") Army, which will be modelled in some degree on the Salvation Army and on Mr. Stead's Association of Helpers; but whereas existing organizations have only attempted to grapple with the results of our rotten social system, the Labor Army would attempt to deal with the causes. Mr. Smith sees a time when the Army will be all-powerful in the correction of abuse and the furtherance of the claims of the *Worker*, but, he says, before even a beginning can be made "the hatchet of party strife must be buried, and individual claims must be surrendered in the interests of the majority." A noble scheme, Mr. Smith, but surely somewhat Utopian. The *Worker's Cry* is full of matter of importance and contains articles by J. Morrison Davidson, Shaw Makwell, Lady Dilke (who commences a series of articles on "White Slaves," by writing on laundresses), and James Runciman. In size the paper is very like the *Labour World*, which, by the way, will in future be edited by Mr. H. W. Massingham (late editor of the *Star*), as Mr. Michael Davitt has had to go to California for the benefit of his health.

GRANT RICHARDS.



THE AYRES OF STUDLEIGH.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN,

Author of "Aldersyde," "Twice Tried," "A Vexed Inheritance," "The Gates of Eden," &c.

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CHAPTER XIII—A LAST INTERVIEW AT STUDLEIGH.

Rachel slept soundly that night in the wide, old-fashioned room she had occupied in her girlish days. The nursery adjoined, and there little Clement slept in his cot close by his nurse's bed. The arrangements had been considered and provided for by the old man himself, as solicitous as a woman for his dear daughter's comfort. It was a joy of no ordinary kind, though slightly tinged with sadness, to Christopher Abbot thus to welcome Rachel home. He could not sleep, and once in the grey dawn he crept along the corridor to the door of the room which held his treasure. He listened there, expecting to hear the sound of sobbing, but when there was no sound he looked through the half-open door and saw Rachel asleep, with the child's dark head on her breast. Her face looked young and lovely in its peaceful repose, and Christopher Abbot crept back to his own bed, relieved and thankful, and slept till the sun awoke him. It was his custom to see that the men were set about their work before he took his own breakfast, and when he came sauntering up the garden path a few minutes before eight a shrill laugh greeted him, and a white figure, with golden locks flying in the morning wind, came running to meet him, eagerly shouting, "Gran'pa."

That sweet, eager voice sent a strange thrill to the old man's heart, and when presently, remembering his manners, the little fellow stood still in the path before him, and made the grave military salute, grandpa's delight knew no bounds.

"Where are the cows and the hens and the little chicks?" he asked, slipping his hand with the

utmost confidence into the old man's. "Take me to them."

"Not yet, General, we must go and see mamma, and have our breakfast first," said the old man, and from that day little Clement was "General" and nothing more to his grandfather.

In the dining-room Rachel was making the tea—a slim figure in a white gown with bands of black ribbon, a lovely and graceful woman, whose very presence beautified and brightened the house.

"Good-morning, father. The rogue has found you, I see. Yes, thank you; I rested well. I have had no such sleep, I think, since I went away from Pine Edge. I miss the mosquitoes," she said, with her pleasant smile. "Ask Clement about the mosquitoes, and he'll give you a graphic account of their depredations."

"Oh, ma, there's a carriage," cried Clement, who was standing in the sunshine by the wide-open window. "It's a white horse. Oh, ma, will it be dada?"

"It's from Studleigh, Rachel; it will be a message from the Squire. I'll see," said the farmer, and stepped hurriedly over the low window ledge.

"Morning, sir," said the man on the box, touching his hat. "The Squire's compliments, and if Mrs. Ayre is not too tired, would she come over to Studleigh, and bring the little boy."

"She'll do that, Simmons, if you can wait a few minutes. How is the Squire this morning?"

"Had a bad night, Rosanna said, and her ladyship's been up since four o'clock," said the man, with a graver look. "Excuse me, sir, but is that the Captain's son?"

"Yes; isn't he a fine little fellow?" asked the farmer, delightedly.

"He's a splendid little chap—like his mother, Mr. Abbot, if you'll excuse me sayin' it; but he's got the Captain's hair. I hope Mrs. Ayre is well."

"Quite well. She will be ready in a few minutes, Simmons; just wait. Come, General, and get ready to escort your mother."

It was natural that Rachel should feel a little nervous and excited over her approaching visit. She only drank a cup of tea, shaking her head when urged by her father to eat something more substantial. She did not wait to change her dress, but, throwing a dark cloak about her, put on her widow's bonnet and stepped out to the carriage. She had a kind word of greeting for Simmons, who had served as stable boy at Pine Edge before he entered the Squire's service, and had many kindly memories of his old employers.

So in the sweet and sunny morning, Rachel was driven along the green lanes to the great gates of Studleigh. She talked to her boy as they drove, to keep down her agitation, telling him to be very quiet and gentle with his poor uncle, who was so sick and weary, and whom dada had loved so dearly. She tried, but could find nothing to say to him about his aunt; nor did she mention the little cousin, not feeling sure whether Lady Emily would permit any such relationship.

The child's eyes opened wide in wonderment when the carriage stopped at the wide doorway of the grand old house, and Rachel could see that he was awed into silence. The great house was very still, and a strange feeling of loneliness came upon her as she stood a moment within the hall, hesitatingly waiting for someone to tell her what to do. She half-expected that Lady Emily herself, softened by sorrow, might come to bid her welcome, but presently, it being the servants' breakfast hour, Rosanna, her ladyship's maid, who had seen the carriage arrive, came running down stairs.

"Good morning, Mrs. Ayre," she said, pleasantly, yet with a touch of familiarity which Rachel was perhaps too quick to resent; then she took little Clement in her arms, but he, resenting the liberty also, struggled down, and holding fast by his mother's skirts, looked defiantly at the maid's pretty face.

"Be good enough to tell Mr. Ayre I have come," Rachel said quickly, but her colour rose a little, for she felt her position keenly; and she knew that she owed it entirely to Lady Emily.

"Just come up-stairs, please," Rosanna answered, a trifle more deferentially. "The Squire is expecting you."

Rachel stepped back to the table, laid down her cloak, and taking her boy by the hand followed the girl up-stairs. In his dressing-room the Squire received his brother's wife alone, and Rachel took Lady Emily's absence as an indication that she still declined to receive her as a member of her family. The sick man was lying on his couch, very thin and worn and wasted, but with a deep peace on his fine face, a look which Rachel had seen before on the faces of those who had given up the things of time. His smile was very sweet as he extended both his hands, saying, tenderly, "It is good of you to come, my poor sister."

The voice was so like Geoffrey's that it broke Rachel's composure down. With a quick sob she advanced and knelt down by William Ayre's side, the child looking on in a great wonderment, his big grey eyes wide to the rims.

It was a few moments before Rachel recovered herself, then she drew back with a quivering smile.

"Forgive me, it was Geoffrey's voice. I could not help it. I am not very strong yet, I fear. Come, Clement, and salute your uncle, papa's dear brother he taught you to pray for every night."

William Ayre's eyes filled as the child, obedient to his mother, came forward with his large, bright eyes fixed full on his uncle's face.

"So this is Geoff's boy, a beautiful child, who will be a comfort and a joy to his mother. Rachel, I have thanked God many times that Geoffrey had the wife he loved with him in India. You do not regret it either, I think, in spite of your many sorrows."

"I regret it! I would not give my memories, William, for other women's best possessions,"

Rachel answered proudly; and the Squire loved to see that touch of pride.

"I wasn't mistaken in you. I sent for you, Rachel, because I had many things to say to you, and some things to give you, among them Geoffrey's letters to me from Delhi. They will be precious to you. There are some sentences in them which will comfort you all your life. He adored you, Rachel; it is not given to any woman to call forth such reverent and perfect love, nor to deserve it."

Rachel's face flushed, but her eyes shone. Her heart was hungry for such crumbs of comfort in her desolation. It was sweet to be assured, so undeniably, that she had been so much to her soldier-husband.

"But tell me about the little girl," the Squire said, presently, with a smile.

"Oh, there is nothing to tell. She is just a white-faced baby who sleeps and eats," Rachel answered. "I have called her Evelyn."

"I thank you, and pray that she may grow up like her whose name she bears. I can wish for you nor her nothing better here, Rachel. You, who remember my mother, know that."

"I thought Geoffrey would like it," Rachel answered, "especially as this is Clement Abbot. Perhaps I was a little too selfish in that."

"Not at all. He is a fine little fellow. Perhaps, who knows, some day he will be Squire of Studleigh," said the Squire, with a sigh. "My son, I fear, has a poor heritage of health from his father. I believe I was wrong to marry. There is another thing I wish to say, Rachel, concerning your boy, and you must not say a word in demur. I have bequeathed Stonecroft to him absolutely. It will remain in trust for him until he is of age. Hush, not a word. I will not listen. It was my duty, apart from my privilege. No, I will not listen! It is done, and is quite unalterable."

Rachel rose to her feet.

"Your wife, Mr Ayre," she said, with difficulty. "She will have the right to feel aggrieved. Pardon me for saying candidly that I should prefer that she had no cause for added bitterness against me."

He gathered from her manner more than from her words that she very deeply felt what she was saying, and a look of pain came upon his face. It is no exaggeration to say that his wife's continued and studied ignoring of Geoffrey's wife was a trial to the Squire, which weakened both body and mind.

"She knows of it, Rachel. Perhaps—who knows—the hands of the children may disperse this strange and needless bitterness. I pray God it may be so, on my dying bed."

The sound of a quick, short step on the corridor fell on their ears, then the door was hastily opened, and the little heir ran in, laughing, up to his father's side, and clambered on the couch.

"Willie, this is your cousin Clement, Uncle Geoff's little boy," said the Squire, with a grave, kind smile. "Kiss him, and say you are glad to see him, and promise me that you will always love him and be kind to him."

But the heir declined to bind himself, and the two regarded each other with that unblushing and delicious candour characteristic of their years. Even at that moment the contrast between them was very marked. Although the little heir was two years older than his cousin, he was scarcely taller, and his figure was very slender; his face was too pure and delicate for health. Little Clement was a great, strong, hardy fellow, on whose sound constitution the trying climate of the East had evidently had little effect.

"Suppose you take your little cousin down to mamma, Willie," said the Squire presently, but Rachel intervened.

"If it is pride, forgive me," she said, quickly. "But it will be better, perhaps, that we should not intrude upon Lady Emily. If she has a desire to see Captain Ayre's son, Pine Edge is not very far away."

Once more a quick, impatient sigh escaped the Squire's lips.

"I regret to hear you speak thus, Rachel, and yet I cannot blame you. Promise me that you will meet my wife half-way when she seeks to be

friendly with you," he said eagerly. "Do not be too hard upon her, Rachel. You know—or perhaps you do not know—how she has been reared, hedged about from infancy by pride and exclusiveness which had no limit. Promise me that you will not bear malice for the sake of our beloved one, whom I shall see so soon."

Rachel's lips quivered.

"I promise that I will do what I can to conciliate Lady Emily, for Geoffrey's sake and for your sake, who have been so generous and brotherly in your treatment of me," she said, impulsively. "One of the first lessons I shall teach my children will be reverence for their Uncle William."

"Teach them to have a kindly memory of one who, with all his faults, tried honestly to do his duty," the Squire answered, with a faint, sad smile.

As he looked at the graceful woman in white, with all the pride softened away from her beautiful face, a sudden impulse moved him to send for his own wife, and, for the sake of the children, ask them to be friends. But he felt himself too weak to risk the scene, and Rachel, though not divining his thought, saw that his slight strength was spent, and made a movement to go.

"We have wearied you, I fear," she said quickly. "We shall go now, and come again when you are stronger."

"That will not be here. It is only a matter of hours," he said quietly. "Do not hurry away. I have not asked any questions about those awful days in India. We got all particulars from the Vanes. You know how kind they were in coming straight to relieve our anxiety."

"Yes, my father told me. There is no truer friend on earth than Lady Vane, Mr. Ayre."

"She thinks just so of you. You have made a conquest of them both. Well, what are you going to make of this little man—a soldier, eh?"

Rachel smiled.

"There was a time when I thought, with passionate satisfaction, of a day to come when Clement's sword should avenge his father's death; but that has passed. My slight sorrow has paled into nothingness beside the agonies of Cawnpore. I hope my son will grow up a good man, such a man as his Uncle William."

"Like his father, rather; he was a brave, honest soldier, who feared nothing in the world but wrong," answered the Squire. "Must you go? Will you kiss your poor uncle before you go, Clement Abbot Ayre. It is a grand-sounding name, young man; see that you make it an honoured one before you die."

The child, not understanding what was being said, kissed his uncle quickly, and pulling his mother's skirts, bade her come away. Rachel stooped down and kissed the Squire too. He held her hands a moment in his nerveless grasp, and then let her go. No other word was spoken by either.

Before she left the room she took the little heir in her arms, and he put his arms confidently about her neck, and said he loved her. There was something in that gravely-beautiful face which could win every heart but that of the Lady Emily.

As the mother and child went down the great staircase they met Lady Emily on the landing. Rachel's face flushed deep crimson, and hurriedly returning the distant inclination of the head, which was her sister-in-law's only greeting, drew down her veil, and made haste from the house.

Lady Emily went straight to her husband's room. He looked round eagerly.

"Did you come up the front stair? Did you meet poor Rachel and her boy—?"

"I did."

"Did you speak to her? Emily, you did not allow her, after what she has suffered, to pass unnoticed out of the house?"

Lady Emily never spoke, but took her own son on her knee, and began to talk fondly to him. Then the master of Studleigh turned his face to the wall, and the shadow deepened on his face. That unanswered question was the last he asked of his wife, for before sundown that day another Squire of Studleigh entered into his rest.

CHAPTER XIV—A SURPRISE FOR MR. GILLOT.
"Rosanna, where is Mr. Will?"

"I think, my lady, he has gone to Pine Edge; at least, I saw him cross the park just after lunch."

"Can you tell me how many times in a day Mr. Will crosses the park to Pine Edge, Rosanna?" asked Lady Emily, hotly, losing for a moment, before her servant, her habitual self-control.

"He goes every day, my lady, I know, because Phoebe, that's Mrs. Ayre's housemaid, told me," returned Rosanna, with a curious little smile, which at once recalled her mistress to a sense of her own imprudence in stooping to discuss her own son's comings and goings with a dependent.

"Well, I suppose he has a right to visit his cousins if he likes, any day, Rosanna. See that you do not gossip with the servants at Pine Edge about what concerns neither you nor them. If I hear of it again, I must dispense with your services, though you have been with me so long."

It was a sharp reproof, and quite uncalled for, seeing that Lady Emily had questioned of her own accord.

Rosanna bit her lip, and her angry colour rose. Of late the servants at Studleigh had found their imperious mistress very hard and unreasonable to deal with, and it is not too much to say that only love for the young Squire, as Will Ayre was already called, though only a boy in teens, made their service at all tolerable. Lady Emily made a stern regent. Many, many a lingering and passionate regret the people who had loved William Ayre now gave to his revered memory. It was half-past three on an April afternoon—a soft, grey afternoon, when the spring's radiant face was veiled in a tender pensiveness, more lovely, perhaps, than her gayer moods. Never had the smooth lawns and parks worn a more vivid green; never had there been a greater wealth of bud and bloom on wood and meadow. It was, indeed, a lovely spring. Lady Emily stood at the open hall door and looked out upon the beautiful prospect before her with eyes which had not much interest or pleasure in their depths. She was thinking of something else, a something which brought out all that was hardest and least winning in her face. The years had dealt very gently with Lady Emily Ayre. There was not a line on her smooth brow, nor about the proud, cold mouth; the delicate bloom had not faded, nor the keen, lovely eye lost anything of its brightness. She looked very young to have a tall son in his fifteenth year. She was still the acknowledged beauty of the county. Young *debutantes* had come and gone, but none had borne away the palm from that queenly woman. But she lacked that gracious, tender womanliness which is infinitely more priceless than beauty of form or face. All admired, many respected, but few, very few, loved the widowed lady of Studleigh Manor.

She stood in silent reverie for some time, and then, passing into the hall, rang the bell which stood on the table.

"Tell Simmons to bring the phaeton and be ready to drive me to Ayreleigh in fifteen minutes," was the order given.

Then Rosanna ran to attend on her mistress, and dressed her for the drive. She took the reins herself, and Simmons, very stolid and precise, sat with folded arms behind. The distance to Ayreleigh was four miles, which included the long approach to the Manor.

Ayreleigh was the county town, a quaint, sleepy hollow, with a wide, square market place, from which all the streets emerged. Her ladyship's cream ponies were well-known in Ayreleigh, which she often visited, with her son riding by her carriage when he was at home from Eton. The ponies clattered over the causeway that still afternoon, and seemed to awaken countless echoes through the sleepy old town. The clerks in the office of Mr. Gillot, the attorney, heard and recognized the din, and guessed that she was coming to see their governor. Of late her ladyship's visits to Mr. Gillot's office had been very frequent. He was ready himself at the door to receive her—a tall, stately-looking man, with a face of exceptional shrewdness, and a fine courtly manner, which had stood him in good stead during his professional life. But though he was so suave and smooth

spoken, yet in matters of conscience, and even of opinion, Abel Gillot could be immovable as a rock. The family secrets and the family affairs of the Manor had been in the keeping of the Gillots for generations, and the present Mr. Gillot had been absolutely trusted by the late Squire. It is well to say at once that Mr. Gillot did not like the Lady Emily, and never hailed her visits to his office with pleasure. But there was nothing of this inner thought betrayed in his courteous and polished manner as he received and ushered her into his private room.

"Can you give me half-an-hour undisturbed, Mr. Gillot?" she asked, when they were alone in the room. "I wish to speak about a matter of considerable importance."

"I am entirely at your ladyship's service," he replied, courteously. "I am not busy, in fact. I was just meditating taking my wife for a drive when I heard the familiar roll of your carriage wheels."

"I shall not keep you very long from Mrs. Gillot," Lady Emily answered, with a slight smile. "I wish to ask when the lease of Pine Edge expires."

The attorney gave a slight start, and looked at her keenly.

"We have never been accustomed to think of expiry or renewal of lease in connection with Pine Edge," he answered at once. "But I believe, correctly speaking, the late Mr. Abbot's lease should expire next Lady Day."

Lady Emily put back her veil, and turned her clear eye full on the lawyer's face.

"I have decided not to renew it, Mr. Gillot."

For once in his life the lawyer was unable to control his feelings, and he uttered a hasty exclamation.

"Not renew it! Surely your ladyship is speaking at random—surely you cannot be in earnest."

"I am not accustomed, I think, to speak at random," she answered with haughtiness. "I have given this matter my grave consideration, and have come to a decision that is unalterable."

The attorney took a turn across the office floor before he again spoke.

"This is, indeed, a matter of grave and painful importance," he said, at length. "May I ask what are your ladyship's reasons for this unexpected decision?"

"I do not know that I am called upon at all to give reasons," she answered, quickly. "But you must agree with me that since Mr. Abbot died there has been no one to look after the place, and that one of the most valuable portions of the estate is being neglected, at my son's serious loss."

The lawyer could have laughed outright, but his face maintained its grave and serious look. He knew, ay, too well, that a deeper reason underlay her flimsy and commonplace expression of her anxiety regarding the neglect of the estate.

"I think your ladyship is needlessly concerned. Barnard was telling me only yesterday that Pine Edge had never looked so well, and that young Mr. Clement will soon be ready to take all responsibility. I cannot believe that your ladyship is in earnest."

"I am in earnest. I was never more so," she retorted, with unusual passion. "I repeat that I do not intend to renew the lease of Pine Edge to the present tenants."

"Does Mr. William concur in this decision?" asked the lawyer, keenly.

"My son knows nothing about it. Why should he? He is only a schoolboy, utterly ignorant of such things. It is in his interest I am acting. You forget, Mr. Gillot, that Mr. Ayre left me absolute control of affairs until my son should attain his majority."

"I have not forgotten, my lady," returned the attorney, but did not add, as he felt tempted to do, that the Squire's disposition of affairs had caused him a great deal of needless work and worry. There was a slight pause. Mr. Gillot felt embarrassed, and waited for his client to proceed. He knew that the relations between Pine Edge and Studleigh were most strained, but he could not presume to allude to them. He waited, therefore, for Lady Emily to give him further instructions.

"You can communicate my wishes to Barnard, and he can make the necessary arrangements," she did say at length.

"Am I to understand, then, that notice to quit is to be conveyed in the usual way to Mrs. Geoffrey Ayre?" he asked pointedly.

"You can lay before her my views on the subject. Tell her the place is suffering through lack of proper supervision."

"Pardon, my lady, but to say so would shirk the real issue. Pine Edge was never better cared for," interrupted the attorney, candidly. "Mrs. Ayre's own bailiff is a man of exceptional ability and trustworthiness. I regret to disappoint your ladyship, but it is impossible I can obey you in this—quite impossible."

Lady Emily bit her lip. Her temper of late years had lost much of its placidity. She was less able to brook contradiction. But her strong common sense warned her that nothing would be gained by an open rupture with Mr. Gillot. He had enjoyed her husband's implicit confidence, and she could not, even if she wished, dispense with his service and advice. She was bound by the terms of the Squire's will to retain him as the family solicitor until her son came of age.

"Well, then, there need be no reason given," she said, calmly. "Simply say that I desire to let Pine Edge to a new tenant."

Mr. Gillot took another turn across the floor. He was very angry—burning with honest indignation against the woman before him, but he betrayed no sign. It was several moments, however, before he could choose the words of his reply. He stood up at the desk before her, and leaning his hand upon it, looked her full in the face—

"Have you considered, Lady Emily, what this decision may cost Mrs. Ayre? The place is inseparably associated with her dearest memories. She has known no other home; and I know it was the best consolation to my old friend, Mr. Abbot, on his death-bed, that his daughter would be able to bring up her children in Pine Edge. I entreat you, my lady, do not let any slight prejudice or whim induce you to act in haste, which I am certain you would repent."

"Your sentiments do you credit, Mr. Gillot, though they are unusual in a man of business," she replied, with a slight chilling smile. "Mrs. Geoffrey Ayre has no cause to feel aggrieved. What is to hinder her from taking up her abode in Stonecroft, which is also going out of repair through lack of attention? In fact, it is her duty to do so. The boy himself will be quick to reflect upon her neglect of his inheritance when he comes to it."

"If your ladyship's decision is unalterable, there is not much use in discussing the case in any of its bearings; but may I be allowed one suggestion?"

"Certainly. I wish to do nothing rashly—though I feel very strongly on this subject, Mr. Gillot. I am quite willing to listen to your opinion."

"My opinion is that Mrs. Ayre's son ought to have the choice of tenancy of Pine Edge, and my advice to you would be to leave things as they are until Mr. William is of age," returned the attorney, frankly.

"Mr. Gillot, I have reason for wishing my sister-in-law farther away from Studleigh," Lady Emily admitted then, being driven to bay. "One of them is that my son is inclined to spend too much of his time at the farm. It is not desirable, as he is at a most impressionable age, and it must be put a stop to."

Mr. Gillot carefully restrained his surprise.

"Lady Ayre, forgive the question," he said, impulsively; "but would the Squire not have approved Mr. William's intimacy with his cousins?"

"I do not think so. Besides, that is out of the question altogether. It is what I approve, and I must be considered," she replied, in her haughtiest manner.

Mr. Gillot took the hint.

"Very well, my lady, your instructions shall be attended to," he said, briefly. "I only stipulate that you will go through the form of consulting Mr. William. He is of sufficient age to understand the matter when it is put plainly before him."

Lady Emily rose. She had so far gained her point; but she was not at ease.

"Of course, you understand that every consideration is to be shown to Mrs. Ayre. She is not to be hurried in any way. It is a long time till Lady Day—by that time she will have grown accustomed to the idea. I believe she is a sensible woman, and will in time, at least, admit the wisdom of my decision. Her son is a high-spirited, ambitious boy, I am told. It is not at all likely that he will ever settle down to the narrow life which was enough for his grandfather. The chances are that he will follow his father's profession."

"I could not say. He is quite young yet; but, as you say, a fine, high-spirited, noble boy. Then, shall I communicate at once with Mrs. Ayre?"

"It will be better to lose no time," Lady Emily answered, as she drew down her veil.

"I confess I do not like my task. I do not think your ladyship has the least idea of the sacrifice you are asking at Mrs. Ayre's hands. You are aware, of course, how long the Abbots have tenanted Pine Edge?"

"About three hundred years, the Squire told me, but as there is not an Abbot left, the whole matter is changed," she answered quickly. "It is not as if we were refusing the place to an Abbot."

"Well, well, perhaps not. Good afternoon, my lady. You are to have a shower going home, I see; will you not wait till it passes?"

"No, thank you. Good afternoon. I shall be waiting to hear from you," she replied, and passed out to her carriage.

Mr. Gillot stood at the office door and watched the dainty equipage dash across the square and along the narrow High Street until it was lost to sight. Then he re-entered his own room and sat down through force of habit at the hearth, and stretched out his hands towards the grate, though the fire had long burned out. He was very much absorbed. He had not heard anything for long which had so upset him.

"The only chance lies with the young Squire," he muttered to himself. "And he's an Ayre, every inch of him; he's inherited nothing but his fair skin from his mother's side, thank Heaven. Well, well, it'll be as good as a play to watch this thing to the end, though I wish I had nothing to do with it, that's all."

(To be continued.)

Idyl of a Montreal Horse Car.

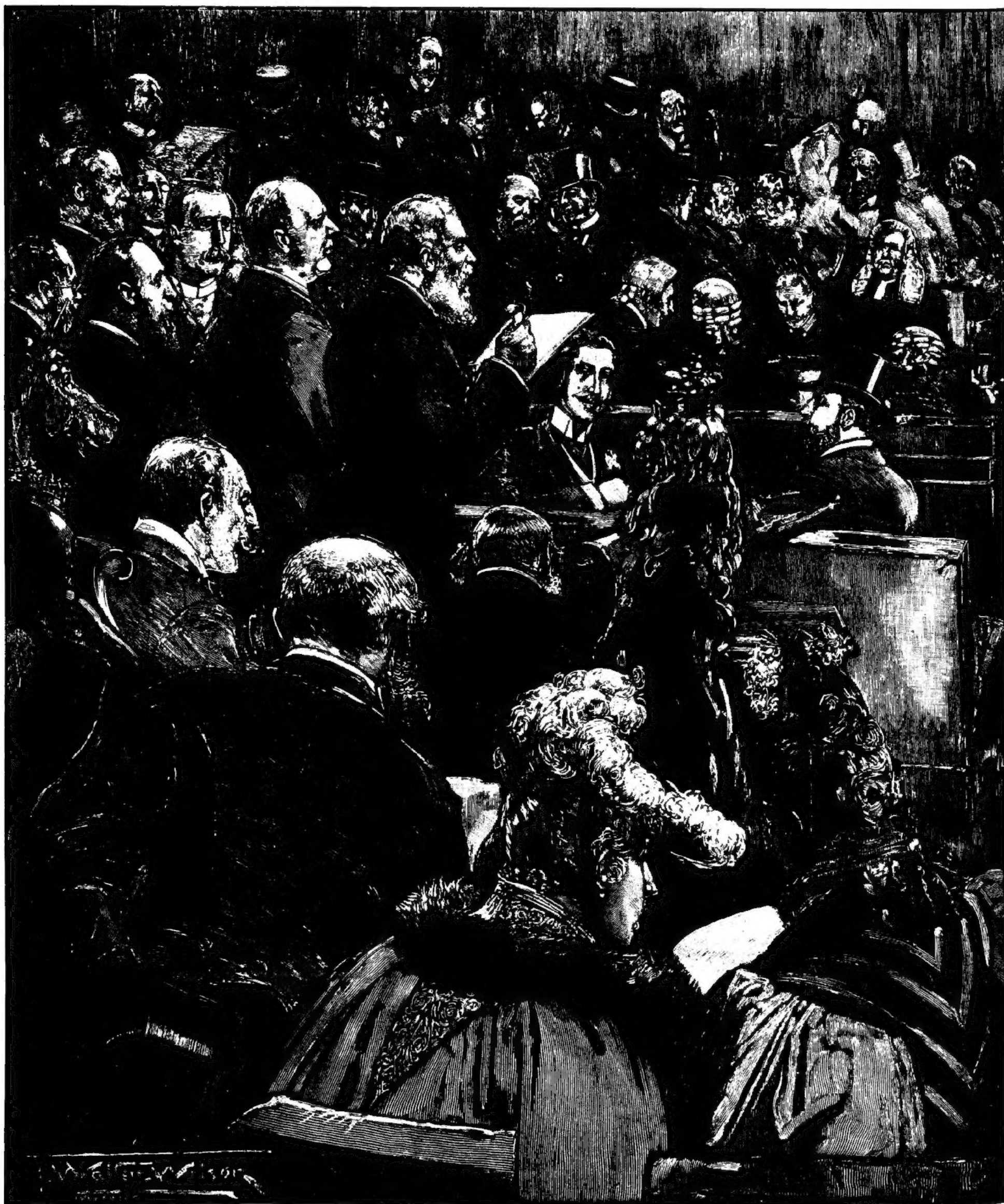
Ram 'em in,
Jam 'em in,
Push 'em in, pack:
Hustle 'em,
Justle 'em,
Poke in the back.

Tramp on 'em,
Stamp on 'em,
Make the bones crack,
Fat women,
Flat women,
Tom, Dick and Jack.

Hang on,
Cling on,
By teeth or by hair,
Ah, there!
Now stay there,
And pass up your fare.

There is a young doctor up town who will have to improve his methods or he never will have patients enough to maintain him. A woman came to see him only two days ago looking haggard and pale. "Well," he said, "what is it?" "I'm troubled with insomnia," she sighed; "what shall I do for it?" "Sleep it off, madam; sleep it off," he advised curtly, and asked her for \$2.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A candidate was being examined by four professors. Feeling extremely nervous, his memory failed him several times. At last one of the professors, growing impatient, thundered out, "Why, you cannot quote a single passage of scripture correctly!" "Yes, I can!" exclaimed the candidate. "I just happen to remember a passage in the Revelation, 'And I lifted up my eyes and beheld four great beasts!'"—*Dresdener Anzeiger.*



THE NEWFOUNDLAND DELEGATES PRESENTING THEIR CASE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, 23rd APRIL.

Incidents in the Early Military History of Canada, IV.

With Extracts from the Journals of the Officer commanding the Queen's Rangers During the War—1755 to 1763.

A Lecture delivered on the 12th January, 1891, by Lieut.-Col. R. Z. ROGERS, 40th Battalion—
Lieut.-Col. W. D. OTTER, President, in the Chair.

(Continued from page 495.)

Thus, at length, at the end of the fifth campaign, Montreal and the whole country of Canada were given up, and became subject to the King of Great Britain; a conquest, perhaps the greatest that is to be met with in the British annals, whether we consider the prodigious extent of country we are hereby made masters of, the vast addition it must make to trade and navigation, or the security it must afford to the northern provinces of America, particularly these flourishing ones of New England and New York, the irretrievable loss France sustains hereby, and the importance it must give to the British Crown among the several states of Europe. All this, I say, duly considered, will, perhaps, in its consequences, render the year 1760 more glorious than any preceding.

The next day General Amherst informed me of his intention of sending me to Detroit, and on the 12th, when I waited upon him again, I received the following orders:

"By His Excellency Jeffrey Amherst, Esq., Major-General and Commander-in-Chief of all His Majesty's forces in North America, etc., etc.

"To Major Rogers, commanding His Majesty's Independent Companies of Rangers,—You will, upon receipt hereof, with Captain Waite's and Captain Hazen's Companies of Rangers under your command, proceed in whaleboats from hence to Fort William Augustus; from there you will continue your voyage by the north shore to Niagara, where you will land your boats and transport them across the carrying place into Lake Erie, applying to Major Walters or the officer commanding at Niagara for any assistance you may want on this or any other occasion.

With the detachment under your command you will proceed in your whaleboats across Lake Erie to Presque Isle, where, upon your arrival, you will make known the orders I have given to the officer commanding that post, and you will leave said party and whaleboats, taking only a small detachment with you, and march by land to join Brigadier-General Monkton (at Pittsburgh).

"Upon your arrival with him, you will deliver into his hands the dispatches you shall herewith receive for him, and follow and obey such orders as he shall give you for the relief of the garrisons at the French posts of Detroit, Michilimackana, or any others in that district for gathering in the arms of the inhabitants thereof, and for administering to them the oath of allegiance. And when the whole of this service is completed you will march back your detachment to Presque Isle or Niagara, according to the orders you receive from Brigadier Monkton, where you will embark the whole, and, in like manner as before, transport your whaleboats across the carrying place into Lake Ontario, where you will deliver them into the care of the commanding officer, marching your detachment by land to Albany, or wherever I may be, to receive what further orders I may have to give you.

Given under my hand at the headquarters in the camp at Montreal, 12th September, 1760.

JEFF. AMHERST.

By His Excellency's command.
F. APPY.

In pursuance of these orders I embarked at Montreal the 13th of September with Captain Brewer, Captain Waite, Lieut. Brehm, Assistant Engineer Lieut. Davis, of the Royal Train of Artillery, and 200 Rangers in fifteen whaleboats, and that night we encamped at La Chine."

We will pass over the detailed account of the next nine days, which were spent in overcoming the swift currents and the rapids of the St. Lawrence. On the 22nd instant we read: "We continued our course up the river, the wind blowing fresh at south, and halted in the evening at the narrow passes near the islands; but upon the winds abating at midnight we embarked and rowed the remainder of the night and the whole day following, till we came to the place where formerly stood the old Fort of Frontenac, where we found some Indian hunters from Oswegachi.

We were detained here all next day by tempestuous weather, which was very windy, attended with snow and rain. We, however, improved the time in taking a plan of the old fort, situated at the bottom of a fine, safe harbour. There was about 500 acres of cleared ground about it, which, though covered with clover, seemed bad and rocky, and interspersed with some pine trees. The Indians here seemed to be well pleased with the news we brought them of the surrender of all Canada, and supplied us with great plenty of venison and wild fowl." Leaving Frontenac (Kingston) on the 15th, they continued along the north shore. Each day's progress and each night's encampment are given in detail, as well as many interesting particulars and observations as to the country within sight and the several tribes of Indians met with. Fifteen miles after passing Presque Isle point a halt for the night was made at the mouth of the Grafton Creek, where they found a party of Mississauga Indians fishing for salmon. Some of the Rangers were invited by the Indians in the evening to join in spearing the fish by the help of a lighted torch, and in half an hour, it is stated, they filled a bark canoe."

On the 30th September, we read: "We embarked at the first dawn of day, and with the assistance of sails and oars made great headway, and in the evening reached the River Toronto, having run seventy miles. We passed a high bank twenty miles in length, but the land behind seemed to be level, well timbered with large oaks, hickories, maples and some poplars. No mountains appear in sight. There was a tract of about 300 acres of cleared ground round the place where formerly the French had a fort that was called Fort Toronto. The soil here is principally clay. The deer are extremely plenty in this country. Some Indians were hunting at the mouth of the river, who ran into the woods at our approach, very much frightened. They came in, however, in the morning, and testified their joy at the news of our success against the French. They told us we could easily accomplish our journey from thence to Detroit in eight days; that when the French traded at that place the Indians used to come with their peltry (furs) from Michilimackana (now called Macinaw) down the River Toronto; that the portage was but 20 miles from that to a river falling into Lake Huron, which had some falls, but none very considerable. They added that there was a carrying place of fifteen miles from some part of Lake Erie to a river running, without any falls, into Lake St. Clair.

"I think Toronto a most convenient place for a factory, and that from thence we may very easily settle the north side of Lake Erie."

Speaking, as I am to-night, to an audience composed chiefly of citizens of Toronto, that visit, when the British flag was first brought to the site of your city 130 years ago, is of peculiar interest, and I fancy it will be readily conceded that the views of the old Major as to the favourable situation and prospects of this place have been proved by subsequent events to have been remarkably well founded.

The mouth of the Toronto River mentioned at that time was, I fancy, the mouth of the present harbour. Any one who has observed the peculiar appearance of the trees on the Island on a calm day, particularly in the summer, will recognize how appropriate is the Indian word Toronto, which means "trees in the water." Consequently, it would appear that the River Don and the Bay together were then known as "the River Toronto."

The journal continues: "We left Toronto on the 1st of October, steering south, right across the west end of Lake Ontario. At dark we arrived at the south shore, five miles west of Fort Niagara. Some of our boats now became exceedingly leaky and dangerous.

The morning before we set out I issued the following order of march:

"The boats to keep in line. If the wind rises high and the red flag hoisted, the boats to crowd nearer, that they may be ready to give mutual assistance in case of an

accident, by which means we saved the crew and arms of the boat commanded by Lieut. McCormack which sprung a leak and sunk, losing nothing but their own packs.

We halted all the next day at Niagara, and provided ourselves with blankets, coats, moccasins, etc.

I received from the commanding officer eighty barrels of provisions, and changed two whaleboats, which were leaky, for batteaux.

In the evening some of my party proceeded with the provisions to the falls, and in the morning I marched there and began the portage of the provisions and boats.

Lieutenants Brehm and Davis took a survey of the great Cataract of Niagara."

From Niagara the Major, with two officers and eight Rangers in a bark canoe, proceeded to "Presque Isle" in advance of the expedition in order to make the detour to Pittsburgh as instructed. From the fort at Presque Isle, which is now the site of the modern town of Erie, the journey to Pittsburgh and return occupied from the 8th to the 30th of October. On his return there the main body of the expedition had arrived, but had lost some boats and provisions during a storm on the lake, and to guard against a probable scarcity of provisions at Detroit a party was despatched from there with a drove of forty oxen to go by land around the west end of Lake Erie. During the voyage westward, while encamped on the spot now occupied by the City of Cleveland, a threatening demonstration was made by a party of Indians under the famous Chief Pontiac, who was disposed to dispute the right of the English to enter his territory. A council was held, but during the anxious discussion that took place the diplomacy of the Major happily had the effect of producing a peaceful settlement.

From the 12th to the 20th was occupied in reaching the mouth of the Detroit River.

"Here we found (he says) several Huron Sachems, who told me that a body of 400 Indian warriors was collected at the entrance into the great straits in order to obstruct our passage; that Monsieur Beletere, the commanding officer at Detroit, had excited them to defend their country; that they were messengers to know my business, and whether the person whom I had sent forward had reported the truth, that Canada was reduced. I confirmed this report, and that the fort at Detroit was given up by the French Governor. I presented them with a large belt and spoke to this effect:

Brothers,—With this belt I take you by the hand, you are to go directly to your brothers assembled at the mouth of the river and tell them to go to their towns till I arrive at the fort. I shall call you there as soon as Monsieur Beletere is sent away, which will be in two days after my arrival. We will then settle all matters. You will live happily in your own country. Your brothers have long desired to bring this about. Tell your warriors to mind their fathers (the French) no more, for they are all prisoners to your brothers (the English), who pitied them and left them their houses and goods on their swearing by the Great One, who made the world, to become as Englishmen for ever. They are now your brothers, if you abuse them you affront me, unless they behave ill. Tell this to your brothers, the Indians, what I say is truth. When we meet at Detroit I will convince you it is all true."

These Sachems set out in good temper the next morning.

During the ascent of the Detroit River several letters were exchanged between the two commanding officers. At length, on the 29th of November the following ultimatum was despatched:

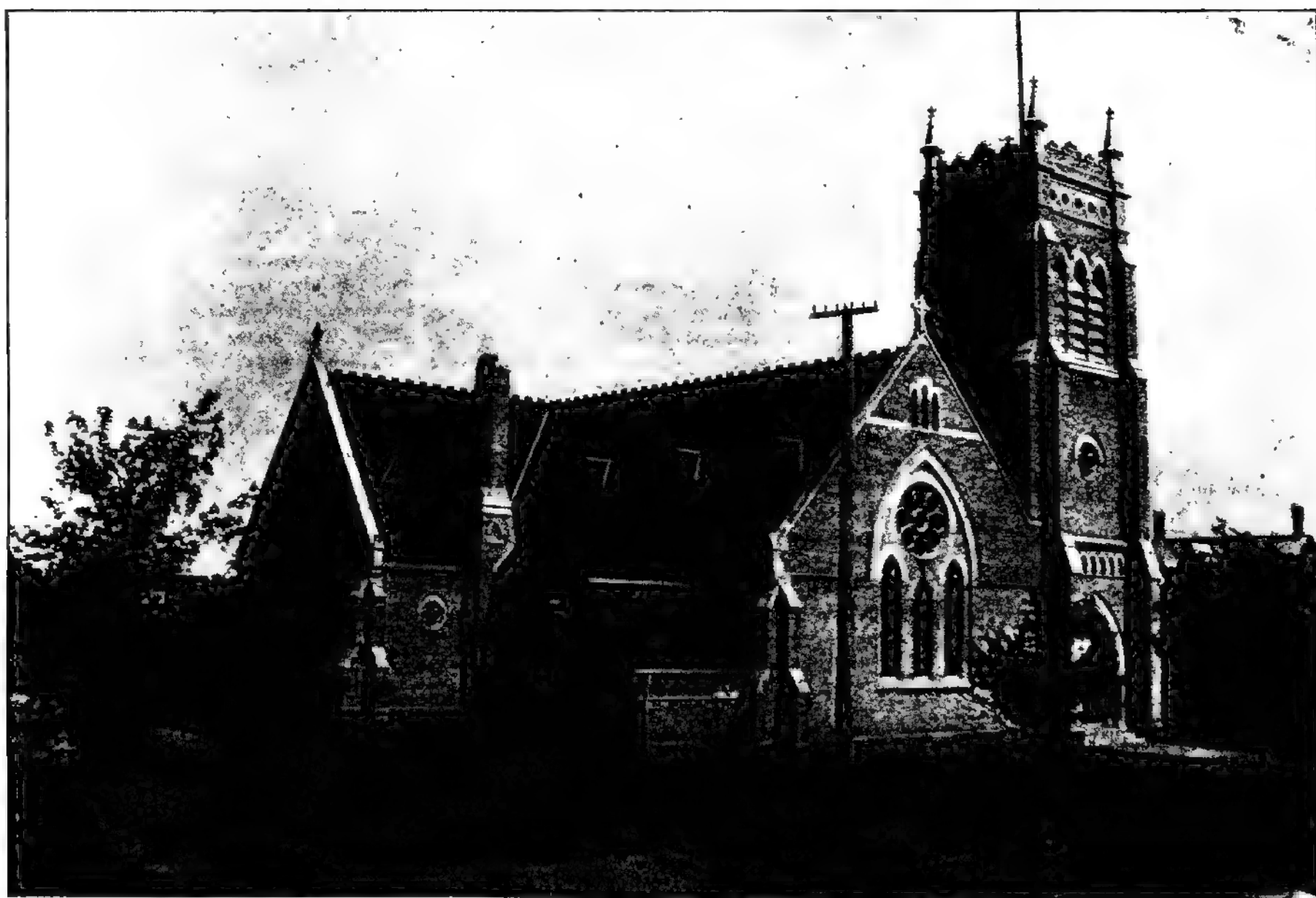
TO CAPTAIN BELETERE, COMMANDING AT DETROIT:

Sir,—I acknowledge the receipt of your two letters, both of which were delivered to me yesterday. M. Brehm has not yet returned. The enclosed letter from the Marquis de Vaudreuil will inform you of the surrender of all Canada to the King of Great Britain, and of the great indulgence granted to the inhabitants; as also to the terms granted to the troops of his most Christian Majesty, Captain Campbell, whom I have sent forward with this letter, will show you the capitulation. I desire you will not detain him, as I am determined, agreeable to my instructions from General Amherst, speedily to relieve your post. I shall stop the troops I have with me at the hither end of the town till four o'clock, by which time I shall expect your answer.

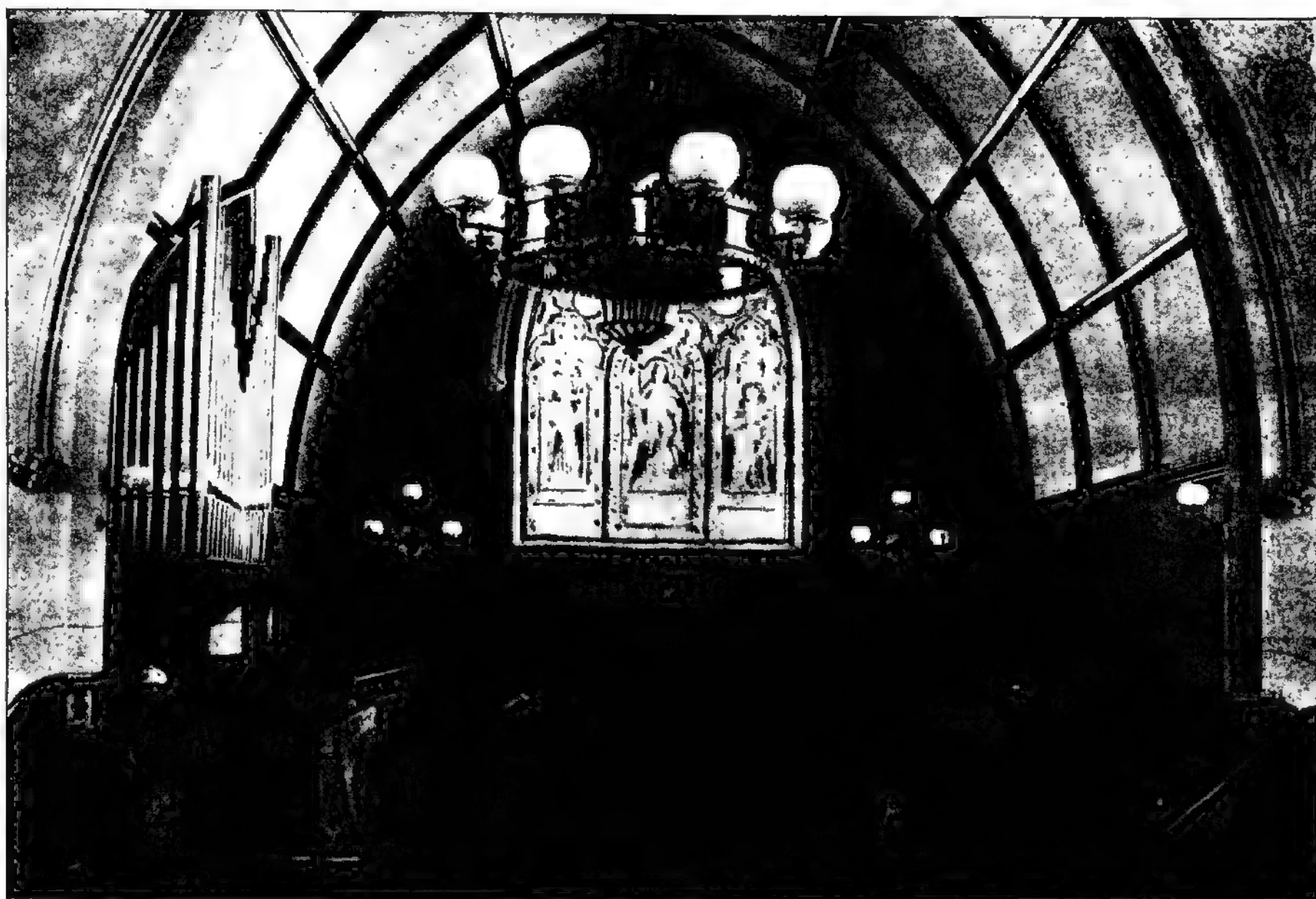
I am, etc.,

R. ROGERS.

(To be Continued.)



Exterior.



View of Chancel.

THE TRIVITT MEMORIAL CHURCH, EXETER, ONT.
OUR CANADIAN CHURCHES, VIII.

The Long Sault.

'Twas when the dying sunbeams rimmed the western sky
with gold,
And pallid Night had set her feet upon the world's thresh-
hold;
'Twas when the mountain's pine clad tops with summer dew
were kissed,
While round each adamantine base slow curled the rising
mist;
Clear over all, a waterfall
Rang loud and sweet, with echoing call.
Hearken to me, for I have come by valley, plain and
hill,
Come through the busy haunts of men, through meadows
calm and still,
Past shady nooks, past mossy banks where vine and ivy
creep,
Past marshy shores and waveless pools, where waterlilies
sleep;
But there can be, no rest for me
Until I reach my home, the sea.
Ever onward, ever downward, ever nearer to my rest,
Deeper, stronger, ever farther from my birthplace in the
west,
Till I hear the billows calling in their monotone to me,
And I catch the shadows falling on my long lost home, the
sea.

—ALAN SULLIVAN.

CANADIAN CHURCHES, VIII.

The Trivitt Memorial Church, Exeter, Ont.

"This church, dedicated to the glory of God, was erected
by Thomas and Elizabeth Trivitt as a grateful memorial of
the many Divine favours conferred upon them, and is
donated upon these express conditions: That an anniver-
sary service shall be held herein every year on the first
Sunday in the month of September, and that all the sit-
tings shall remain free forever." This inscription is
copied from a beautiful brass tablet placed on one of the walls
in the interior of the church. Another tablet, of similar
design and workmanship, has been erected by the parish-
ioners to express their heartfelt gratitude to the donors,
through whose generous liberality they now enjoy the many
privileges of such a magnificent gift.

The church, built from plans furnished by and under the
supervision of Peters, Jones & McBride, architects, London,
Ont., is a fine specimen of early English Gothic architecture,
and consists of a nave, transept, chancel and a tower. It is
most substantially built of local white brick. Ohio sand-
stone trimmings are most liberally used throughout, and
every opportunity of creating a massive and solid effect has
been eagerly grasped and utilized. The bosses, finials of
tower, some portions of the belt courses and the five Ionian
crosses that so appropriately finish each gable, are beauti-
fully carved. The northern entrance is through a handsome
open porch, while the main entrance is on the western side
of the tower, through a double arch of sandstone, of lofty
height, and beautifully moulded, each arch being supported
on a pair of New Brunswick granite pillars, with carved
capitals. Internally the walls are sand finished, tinted a
dark cream, and the woodwork is of white pine, stained an
even oak shade. The chancel ceiling is tinted a sky-blue
and picked out with gilt stars. The internal dimensions are:
Nave, 38x79 feet; chancel, 25x26 feet; transept, 14x32
feet, with a seating capacity of 500. The tower is solid and
massive, 17 feet square outside, not including buttresses, and
rises to a height of 82 feet. A spiral oak staircase, in the tur-
ret in south-east angle of tower, leads from the vestibule to the
first floor; from the latter the top of the tower is reached by
well arranged staircases, so easy of ascent that the youngest
or oldest can, with ease and safety, undertake the climb to
the summit. The belfry has been specially built for a chime
of bells, and on Dominion Day last Mr. Trivitt had the
pleasure of ordering, entirely at his own expense, from the
McShane Bell Foundry, of Baltimore, Md., a chime of nine
bells, the heaviest bell to weigh 1800 lbs. and the smallest
one 300 lbs., six of the largest bells to be fully mounted for
deal ringing, and the whole nine connected with chiming
apparatus for ordinary use. The chime is to be in the
tower by December 1st. Meanwhile the bell, weighing
1270 lbs., formerly used in the old church, is in the new
tower.

The furniture is of red oak, oil finished, from the well-
known Bennet Manufacturing Co., of London, Ont., and the
pipe organ, built expressly for this church by Edward Wads-
worth & Bros., Montreal, has the case of white quartered
oak with face pipes, all gilt finished.

Jos. M. Causland & Son, Toronto, designed and executed
the coloured glass for the windows. The chancel window

and the four quatre-foil windows in the sides of the transept
are painted with figures and emblems; the central panel of
the chancel window has a figure of Christ in His glorified
condition, surrounded by a wreath and the most exquisitely
painted passion flowers. The remainder of the windows are
of a superior grade of rolled cathedral glass combined with
other kinds, producing results of uncommon loveliness.
Horizontal bands of varied colours, worked in ecclesiastical
patterns, are interspersed at regular intervals through all
these windows. The large west window is particularly
striking, the emblematical pelican, surrounded by her young
and in the act of feeding them, is painted in the centre of
the St. Catharines wheel, and beneath, in the central panel,
are depicted the coat of arms, crest and motto of the ancient
Trivitt family. In the centres of the handsome rose traceries
of the north and south transept windows are placed the
sacred monograms, I. H. S. and Alpha and Omega.

The church is lit with gasoline and heated by two hot air
furnaces. The greatest attention has been given to the ven-
tilation for both the winter and summer seasons.

The corner stone was laid August 1st, 1887; the church
first used for divine service December 23rd, 1888, and con-
secrated by the Right Rev. Maurice S. Baldwin, D.D.,
Lord Bishop of the diocese, December 31st, 1889, who also
officiated on the two former occasions named.

In the afternoon of the same day on which the church was
consecrated, the last sad rites of the church were performed
over the mortal remains of Mrs. Trivitt, who died Christmas
eve, and she was laid to rest in the vault beneath the chancel
floor, the bishop preaching, and being assisted in the service
by the Rev. Samuel F. Robinson, rector of the parish. She
was noted for her piety, loyalty to the church, and devotion
to every good cause that required either an encouraging word
or pecuniary aid, and in her death the entire community has
suffered a severe loss.

We must congratulate Exeter on possessing such a gener-
ous, noble-hearted and self-sacrificing citizen as Mr. Trivitt;
may he long be spared to enjoy the result of his labour and
generosity, and may many men and women in our Canadian
hamlets and towns emulate the good example of Thomas and
Elizabeth Trivitt and become their own executors.

The Angel of Healing.

AN EPISODE.

(Written for the opening of the new building of the Toronto Woman's
Medical College, 25th April, 1890.)*

Scarce had the quiring harps ceased the high song
Adoring, to the Father and the Son,
Whose justice punished and whose love redeemed,
Than Heaven stood silent at the rush of wings—
Wings whose broad pinions seemed to cover all
The wide expanse that spread before the Throne—
And in their midst a seraph, soft her eyes,
Large and pellucid and now wet with tears—
Then first were tears in Heaven—lowly she bowed
And from her lovely lips flowed gentle words
The which to hear the Godhead mildly bent.
"O Thou," the seraph spake, "to whom we all
Owe our estate of happiness supreme,
From whom derive all that we greatly prize,
All grace, all knowledge, all those infinite powers
That for beneficence and gracious use
THOU hast us rich endowed—hear now my prayer,
Touched by the bright example of the Son
Than whose great sacrifice for man create
None else can hope to reach, or hoping, can,
I bend a boon to ask; of lesser mould,
Yet not unworthy, if I judge aright,
Grant me to journey to that lower sphere
Where those sad sinners lie in heavy grief.
Let me assuage their pain and wipe their tears;
Let me pour balm into the gaping wound
The Fiend hath made upon that nature new,
So finely wrought, so balanced and so tuned
That not a touch of wrong but jars a nerve,
But makes an ache; and in the physical
Records the paths the erring soul essays.
Thy love hath made a way to heal the soul
If man but take the gift. O let Thy love
Give me the leave I crave to put the powers
With which Thy grace endowed me to the use
For which, perchance, thou didst indeed design.
Let me depart ere yet repentant Eve
Shall know the pains Thy righteousness inflicts.
O let me soothe her hour; and in my arms
Gently receive the second man, a babe,
Sin-tainted—dreadful thought; and doubly dread
If HEALING be not there.

"I see—I see
By that far prescience Thou didst crown me with
A depth of woes wherein that sinning race
Now new begun, shall writhe in agony
If naught be done to stem the swelling tide
Of dire disease—for sin will sure increase—

*See *Paradise Lost*: book three, line 1415.

"Of wars, of pestilence, of slow decay;
"Fever and sores, and poisons of the blood.
"Madness and lesions of brain, dread woes,
"Even worse than I, with highest powers endued,
"Can name.

"Am I not, O God, Thy servant,
"By Thee the Father, HEALING called and named,
"O send me then with message of the Son
"And all those balms Thou hast enshrined amongst
"Herbs, flowers and plants, trees, waters, stones;
"Those lovely things that beautify Thy earth.
"Thine the great gift—mine the wise use for Thee."

Then from the Throne where light ineffable
Beams overshone by light transfused with love
The Voice came:—"Thou shalt go. But in far years—
"To Me the pre-ent—when man shall multiply,
"And millions stand where now two beings rule.
"What wilt thou do? I give thee no increase
"Neither of mind nor person; how then cope
"With that black depth of sorrow named Disease?"
Spake thus the seraph:—

"O Thou all-wise
"And all beneficent Father and Lord,
"No period hast Thou set to that Divine
"That mide man live on the creative morn,
"Therfore no age may come that shall not see
"Or man, or woman, with a gentle hand,
"Firm heart, clear brain, and cultivated powers
"To Thee responsive. That Divine in man
"Shall recognize Thy messenger, and hear
"Her words with joy and reverence. My high name
"Of HEALING—God bestowed—shall in their hear s
"Find echo, and inspire to highest deeds:
"To heroism out capping war its self.
"To sacrifice of all that life holds dear.
"They shall not flinch from death—inglorious death,
"Mute and abased and covered with many thorns,
"Nor calumny shall chill their fervid souls,
"Nor hate, nor base ingratitude, nor toil.
"Man shall they serve—and Thee in serving man—
"Whole souled and pure, nor keeping one gift back.
"So shall Thy seraph's wings drop blessed dew
"O'er the wide earth and to the end of days."

Again the Voice like to the sound of seas,
The Omnipotent spake:—"My servant, go.
"O'er all the ministering spirits I shall send
"To help weak man, thou shalt have precedence.
"Where angry misery shall flout my love
"Thou shalt step in and with thy soothing touch
"Win him to fitter moods. Where Want shall kill
"Thou shalt make live. Where Death stalks pale
"Thou shalt comfort him and not seldom snatch
"His prey from out his clutch. Where Ignorance,
"Stolid and vain, sets up his haughty court,
"Thou shalt defy and o'er his rule prevail—
"Though long the fight; and where Indifference,
"Like a Saturnian vapour, cold and dull,
"Broods motionless, rotting the seeds of Life,
"Thou shalt illumine and warm and life awake.
"Go down to earth bearing my seal and sign.
"Comfort repentant Eve with words of hope.
"Tell her all promise must be bought with Pain.
"But for each pain My new-creation shall have,
"Pleasure hath charge their sorrow to requite.
"Go down to earth bearing my seal and sign.
"Reign o'er Disease unfettered and supreme.
"Only in man's last agony do I reserve
"To my own right, the right of Love Divine,
"The word that saves e'en as the body dies."

Lowly the seraph bent in grateful joy,
Then with soft motion fanned the airs of Heaven
And rose on wing ecstatic till she reached
That azure height mysterious whence is seen
The Universe with all its circling spheres;
And while the choirs of Heaven clashed aloud acclaim
Of Love Supreme, she turned her splendid flight
And straight was lost, far in the nether blue.

S. A. CURZON.

A Sacrifice to the Yankee pie idol.

There is a belief, in other parts of the country, that the
New England digestion has been sacrificed to pie; but few
persons, probably, have known of other valuable posses-
sions being offered up to the idol. In a biographical sketch
of Charles Chauncy, second President of Harvard College,
written in 1768 by his great-grandson of the same name,
the writer states that, desiring to possess the papers of his
illustrious ancestor, he made a search for them and found
that they had descended to a son of the president, "who
had kept them as a valuable treasure all his life; but upon
his death, his children being all under age, they were un-
happily suffered to continue in the possession of his widow,
their mother. She married some time after a Northamp-
ton deacon, who principally got his living by making and
selling pies. Behold now the fate of all the good presi-
dent's writings of every kind! They were put to the bot-
tom of pies, and in this way brought to utter destruction."
—From *Popular Miscellany*, in *The Popular Science*
Monthly for June.



HIGH on a north Canadian alp,
Not on the snow peak, but near by
On the first terrace 'neath its scalp
(Ice-line of eons past and by)
Grew from the turf an upright stone,
In shade of which, on Swithinmas feast,
In trance a Poet lay upon
A bank of brown heath, facing east
To where a flushing tinge of fawn
In the grey sky presaged the dawn.

Dispersed around like flocks of sheep,
Boulders and blocks of granite lay
Grey on the turf, while to each steep
Clung amber lace of lichens, gay
As pressed leaves of some quilted flower,
And Spanish moss like old men's beards
Hung on the points and wagged, an hour
Or two, then blew away like weeds,
While in the boulders' clefts and cells
Nodded the delicate blue harebells.

No sound was there of rushing rills
To prattle on the turf and stone
Or break the silence of the hills
With rippling laugh and pleasant tone,
But drops of water dripping clear
Made threads that scarcely had a flow,
Yet found their way in gouts of tear
To form small torrents down below
That fell in cascades, iris-beamed,
Though voiceless at this height they seemed.

No stealthy pat of feral feet,
No whirr of flight of winged things,
Nor red buck's bell nor doe's soft bleat,
Nor lizard's chirp nor chafer's strings,
Nor busy buzzing monotone
Of insect myriads at their play,
Nor from the heath came drowsy drone
Though oft the bees boomed up that way,
But on the tired ear and the sense
Great stillness lay, constrained, intense.

Before the sun rose from the sea
One glow struck on the mountain's peak,
From 'neath thick mist that sluggishly
Lifted and left a golden streak
Over the glimmering far sea line,
And formed an arch in heaven of cloud,
A great black arch above the brine,
A gateway vast and sable-browed,
Through which came soon the risen sun
And the midsummer morn begun.

The Poet was not he who set
"The silken sail of infancy
And steered adown, in chaloupette,
When joyful breeze of dawn blew free,
The forward-flowing tide of time;"
Ours was a homespun kind of bard,
Much given to clothe in ragged rhyme
Some airy whim or gay canard,
But had perhaps a spider thread,
Or so, of fancy in his head.

Thought flies far. As with closed eyes
Out-shuttered are day's visual prisms,
Yet at our will live forms will rise,
And e'en through the blurred mist of chrims
Of tears we reproduce our lost,
Or call up long ago delights,
Or ancient feuds, or,—what is most,—
The love of woman. So are sights
Seen in poetic trance. What then?
Nothing. But two lives live in men.

* Tennyson.

"The seven senses" are but one
And that one compound sense is all,
For to the eye, though years have run,
One spoken word can plain recall
Sights seen, and sight can in the ear
Repeat aloud long vanished tones
(Of love or hatred, joy or fear,
And reproduce them for the nones,—
So fill our Poet through his eyne
This drama pictured on the screen:

A rolling stretch of red ribbed sand
Where cities once, now shifting dunes
Lie. This the famed Assyrian land,
Where gnostics delve for carven runes
And Tittite histories underground
In perished porphyry-builted fane;
The jerboa in his galleried mound
Mines in kings' palaces; and lanes
Of giant god-bulls stand as when
They were a-worshipped of men.

Where the mirage's spectral show
Oft rises shimmering like a sea
With islands on it, and the flow
Of waves; while glittering goldenly
Throughout the midst a river runs
In solitude profound and strange,
Unseen of sail for many suns;
And north and west a mountain range,
(Haunt of the genii, gnome and djin,)
Shuts the lone arid landscape in.

At one far point a vision grew,—
(As when a cutting frostbite chills
The rills and shallows, rise to view
Ice needles, crystal frills and grilles,
Fantastic mathematic shapes,
And landscape outlines barred and sparred,
With plains that end in sharp-edged capes
And mountain summits jewel starred,—)
So rose a town with coigns and frets,
Homes, domes, and slim white minarets.

I do not know that these were there
But to the poet's eye they seemed
All visually portrayed in air;
Full of detail the picture seemed;
Not as if tintured on a wall
But standing out in clear relief,
Long palaced street and tinker's stall,
And wells 'neath shade of chenar leaf,—
Such as might have been if he had
Beheld the Hidden City of Ad,

In which exist the dual ghosts
And simulacra of all time,
Of all the noted toasts and boasts
That e'er were pledged in wine or rhyme
Since were but two of human kind,—
Wan ghosts of every breed and creed,
Thin shades, quenched lares, voided rim-l
Of what was fruit or ripened seed
On gnarled trunk or fertile bough
Through the milleniums until now.

In silent hum and soundless sound
The now unhidden city stretched,
Far, vast, and seeming without bound
Yet clearly, sharply, mordant etched;
Certes in it were every race
Since men, gregarious in their tribes,
Built cities as abiding place
To gall their own and others' kibes,
But that on which his gaze now bent
Was quarter of the Orient.

Outside the lines lay, hushed and lone,
The still Field of the Silent dead,
Each bed marked by a turbaned stone
With cypress arches overhead,
And here and there an oil-wick lit
Beneath where restful croaked the cranes
And, spirit-like, grey owls did flit,—
And much it calms the mourners' pains
And well it soothes the living's ill
To know the dead rest very still.

The city time seemed evening grey
Ere yet the lone dark shadows fell
Across the narrow streets, for day
Loitered but little; soft as spell
The night came down, and then were slung
At lengthy intervals the lamps
That but a weakly radiance flung,
As glow-worms smoulder in the swamps,
Yet served to show the forms and shades
In the close streets and dim arcades.

Slowly along the causeway's crown
Crept far Busora's caravan,
While life and traffic of the town
Revived and through its channels ran;
The barbers shaved on flag-leaf mats;
The changers changed the copper pice;
Cooks strung on sticks kabobs and fats
And stewed spring larks in curried rice:—
Life out of doors and life within
Returned and was as it had been.

The dogs,—be they of Sheitan!—crept
And lurked around the food bazaars:
The watch in shady corners slept;
The beggars in their rag cimars
Hulked underneath the shadowing eaves;
The sherbet carriers dealt their drafts:
Boys offered figs in melon leaves;
Armors sold slim arrow shafts,—
And once more seemed it Bagdad hold
As it was in brave days of old.

Revived seemed days of the Sultaun
When 'long the streets when day was hid
Meszour, Giafar, from dusk to dawn
Went with Hazoun al Raschid,
Adown the wide-stepped marble stair
And through the moon-surmounted gates
Of ivory, gold and beryl rare,
And 'neath the grim portcullis grates,
And past the never sleeping guards
In the Court of the Leopards.

When guised as Merchants of Moussul
Who feigned to trade in dyes of Tyre
And turquoises and attargul
And silks for the zenana buyer,
The watchful sultaun scanned with eye
What roysterers came under ban,



And if the mollah and cadi
Kept pure the fate of the koran,
For Caliph's power was firmly set
As vicegerent of Mahomet.

When in adventures quaint and fine
He mingled with his subjects' deeds,
And shared the comforts and the wine
Or blank fare of the barmecedes:
At table of Abou Hassan
Dined with Heart's Love and Pretty Face,
Or munched dry lentils in the khan,
Or in long chilouque smoked the mace,
Or through the women's market strolled
And peeped beneath the yasmak's fold.

In rows along the Tigris shore
Gay boats swung at their anchoring spears
With the drops dripping off the oars
As the wash tumbled o'er the weirs:
Along shore frowned a line of forts,
And Sinbad's house had lights aglow
From torches in the arrow ports
That overlooked the mart below
Where Benreddin his cream tarts sold,
And sorcerer gave new lamps for old.



From out closed hareem windows gleamed,
Through the gilt framework of the panes,
Rose light that lit the lawns and streamed
In pencils down the leafy lanes
On dove-cotes where the turtles cooed,
Where peacocks slumbered on the rails
And lazy lovebirds drowsed and wooed,
But never slept the nightingales,
Although the roses lying still
Heard, but feigned deafness to their trill.

Gold cages, hung in gorgeous rooms,
Held singing mice or talking bird,
Down-dropping leaves of nagsra blooms
The tanks of perfumed water stirred,
And attargul of Suristan
From ewers sprayed in diamond drops:
Small pages swung the feather fans;
Lithe dancing damsels spun like tops;
And peri forms with houris' eyes
Dwelt there, and made it paradise.

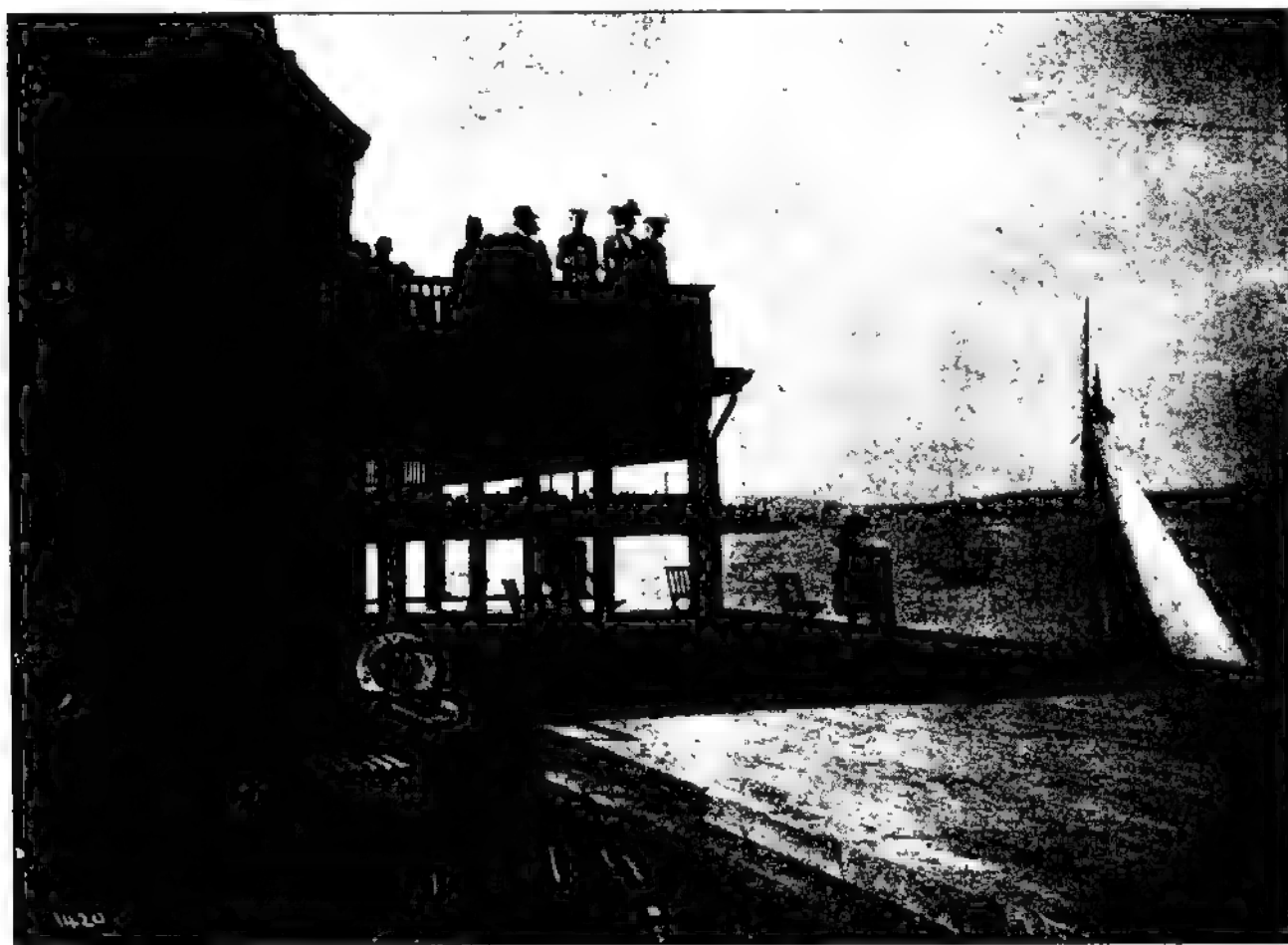
Near to the waterside kiosques
Cloaked lovers lingered by the bars,
Or hid within the jasmine bosques,
While in the less white light of stars
Small whiter hands red roses flung,
Or amorously talked in flowers,
Or bought Circassian, mountain-sprung,
Heart-weary in her gilded bowers,
Let message carrier fly between
The oped slats of her lattice screen.

In robes of gold and rose arrayed
The Queens lay on divans of silk,
While favourites on the kitar played
And lipped the hands (as white as milk
That kind were suffered to be kissed,)
Of Badoura or Nourmahal
Or Scheherazade the novelist
Or Parizade,—for love made all
Of joy and song and dance and rhyme
In days of the Good Haroun's prime.

Through all the Indies Empire land
Play archers practiced at the butts
And plenteous won full fare in hand
Of spring lamb and pistachio nuts,
And all had pillans in their pots,
Nor famine fell, nor war drew shroud
O'er shepherds' tents or co'ters' cots,
For God is Great! Great is Mahoud!
Glory and peace through Orient clime
Were in the Caliph's reign and time.

All this the musing Poet saw,
Or thought he saw, and whether dream
Or influence of some occult law
Showed things that were, or did but seem,
They stirred the fibres of his mind
And lit a quenched lamp in his brain,
And unravelled out knots long entwined,
And made him young, to feel again
Romance, light, colour, beauty blent
In fable of the Orient.

The cloud-built arch collapsed and let
The glamour of the noon shine through,
When river, street and minaret
Of the dream fled, as dreams will do;
And then, high throned in golden glow,
The amorous sun with fervent kiss
Saluted the chaste virgin snow
And dropped one to the eidelwiss.
The Poet took his downward way,
Then tuned his reed and piped this lay.



NOVA SCOTIA YACHT CLUB HOUSE, HALIFAX.

(Mr. F. Hamilton, photo.)



The Women's Christian Temperance Union have been flooding our town with copies of a petition which they propose presenting at the present session of the House of Commons praying that the right to vote at elections of members for that body shall be extended to women. The petitions are being circulated in order to obtain the signatures of those who are in favour of the prayer. The movement is ostensibly made in the interests of temperance, and for the mitigation of all evils which are the objects of attack by the W.C.T. Union. It is only a question of a year or two before the petition is granted, even if it goes over this session. The case of the importunate widow is the authority in all cases of this kind, and the House of Commons out of very weariness, by reason of the importunity, if not from a sense of justice, will pass this act; they may think now that they won't, but they don't know us; were women ever known to fail in an object which they were unanimously banded together to obtain? The day for comparing women unfavourably with men in the matter of mental abilities and power of discrimination has gone by; why a women's institution will discount the most careful calculation, nine times out of ten. The injustice and unreasonableness of withholding the franchise from women is too manifest to require demonstration.

In the death of Dr. Thomas B. Akins, Nova Scotia has lost her most prominent and enthusiastic local historian. During his later years Dr. Akins led a quiet, secluded life in the village of Falmouth, across the river from Windsor, where he owned a very pretty and well kept estate. He was intimately associated with King's College, Windsor, and a prize on his favourite subject, called "The Akins historical prize," has for some years been one of the most prominent and eagerly coveted of the University exhibitions.

I quote the following from a Halifax paper:—"We regret the publication of a report in our last issue that a Halifax firm was trying to obtain the services of a young lady to do type-writing, shorthand, book-keeping and playing the piano, for the sum of four dollars a week. We have since been informed that the report was started as a malicious slander in order to injure that firm, and that there is no truth in the matter." Now, as wages go in Halifax, I know four dollars a week is a great deal, but considering the multifarious nature of the services which the lady was to render,

I don't think the pay was excessive; I don't think it was any disgrace to the firm that they were willing to pay such a high figure; the disgrace lies in the fact that they allowed themselves to be shamed out of their contract. Of course labor-hirers like to keep wages as low as possible, and naturally they are glad that the report was incorrect. In a place where clerks work at a dollar and a half a week for the first year of service, four dollars is a small fortune. It is to be hoped that all firms who attempt such a piece of radicalism as that erroneously reported, will quickly be taught the error of their ways.

By the time this will appear in your columns the time for the Encenia at King's College, Windsor, will be close at hand. This day sees the closing exercises of one of the oldest Universities in the Dominion; at one time the Encenia was the great provincial social event of the year, and grantees from far and near flocked thither to enjoy the feast of reason and flow of soul which was prepared on that occasion, and also to partake of the very excellent luncheon which certain benevolent individuals were accustomed to provide. Those were the days of simplicity, when society life in the city and country was so featureless, that an event like the Encenia was a dissipation to be looked forward to for

many a long day, and to be talked of afterwards for weeks; when the drive from Halifax to Windsor, and from the western counties, could be performed only by the old-fashioned, hilarious old coach, and the progress thither of many hours was one great boisterous picnic. In later years, when the railway supplanted the coaches and Windsor was only two hours away from the city, and all the old families who knew what old-time hospitality meant, had removed or were broken up, the Encenia was not such an event, especially as other colleges in the province offered equally enjoyable attractions. For those who are simple-minded enough to care for them, however, nearly all the old-time attractions are there; and if society has changed in some respects, it is only in obedience to the laws of evolution. The Encenia will occur on the 25th June this year, and all the preceding days of that week will be full of enjoyable events to which the fatherless and the stranger are equally welcome with him who is a sojourner in the land. The rural beauty of Windsor, especially in the neighborhood of the University, at that season is simply unsurpassable.

* * *

A great gloom has been cast over Halifax by the death under very sad circumstances, of a young lady, the niece of General Sir John Ross. The General had been visiting Washington, where he had been lionized by the friendly Americans, and on passing through New York on his way home, met his niece just arrived from England. The young lady fell a victim to the epidemic of la grippe then raging, from the effects of which pneumonia followed. Miss Bachan's death occurred shortly after their return, and is only the more sad as she was about to enter upon a brilliant social season, the date for the opening ball of which at her uncle's residence had been already fixed.

In Melbourne.

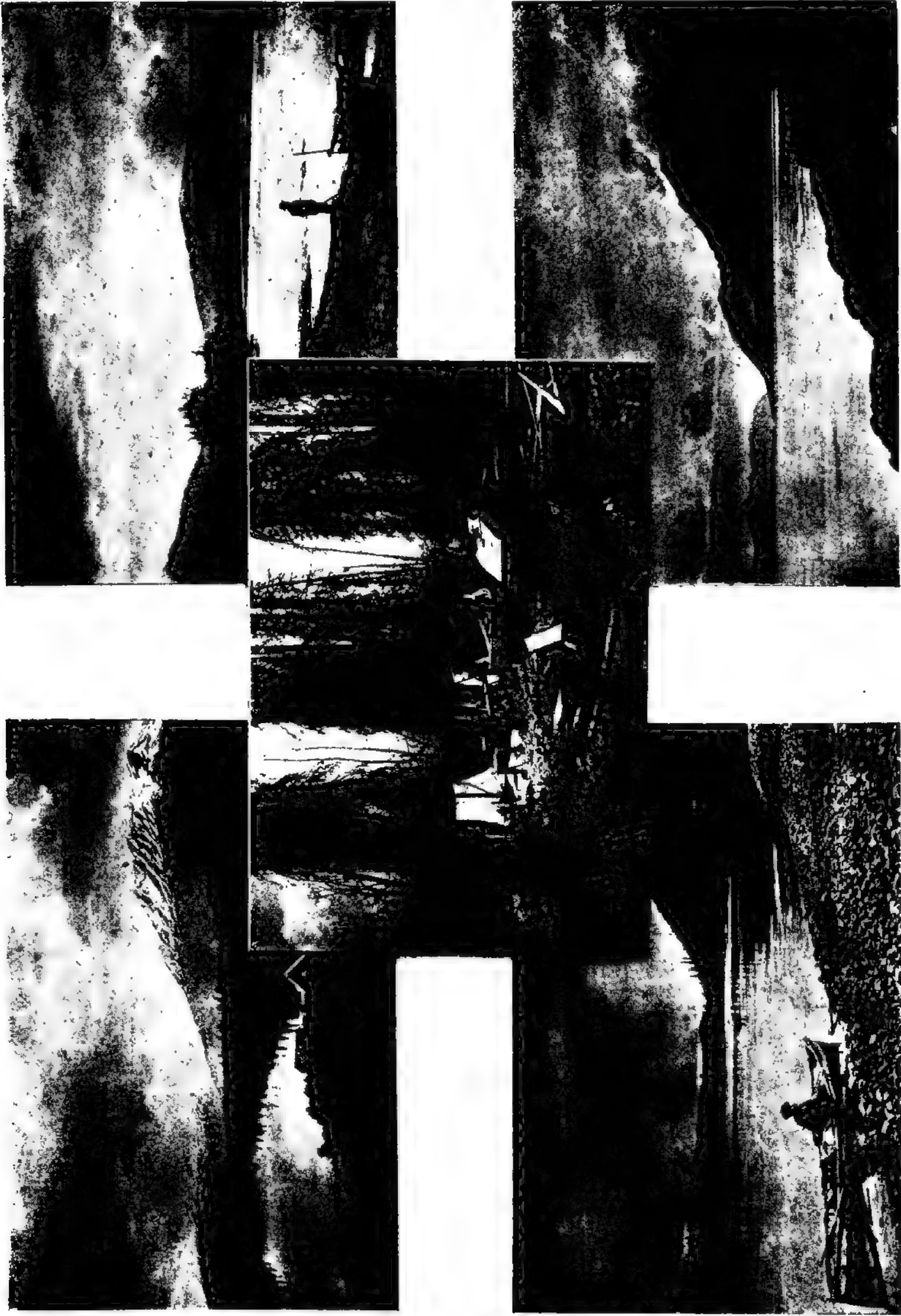
What a mighty and magnificent city it is, in its modern regularity! Bourke street, big and little; Collins street, where the fashionable people parade every Saturday morning "doing the block," where you will see women whose equals for physical beauty, stature, and grace of carriage are nowhere else to be seen in the world. They all look goddesses as they glide along—Greek ideals, who have only discarded the simplicity of costume for the more gorgeous creations of Paris and her prince of dressmakers. Collins street, round by Mullen's Library, on a Saturday forenoon, is a moving phantasmagoria of colour and loveliness, with a crowd of faultlessly-attired eye-glassed exquisites thrown in by way of relief to the almost overpowering brilliancy of the feminine division. The sun shines brightly, the combinations of fashionable tones mingle and cast soft shadows on the clean pavement. Columned and frescoed buildings rear high above them, with wide stretches of street. The densest crowd must always appear dwarfed in the vast spaces of these roomy streets. The shop windows far surpass those of London and Paris for magnitude and display.—From "A Colonial Tramp," by Mr. Hume Nisbet.



TAKING THE ROAD.



DAY DREAMS.
(From the painting by Hoessler.)



Dease River at Mouth of McDawe Creek, Northern British Columbia.
Boat Building Camp is Burnt Woods, Dease Lake, Yukon Expedition, 1887.
Windy Arm, Tegish Lake, Yukon District, N.W.T.

Confluence of the Upper Pelly and Macmillan Rivers, Yukon District, N.W.T.
View on the Upper Pelly River, Yukon District, N.W.T.

THE YUKON RIVER, II.

THE YUKON RIVER, ALASKA.

11.

In the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED for May 2nd a portrait of Mr. Robert Campbell, who first explored the extreme north-western part of the Dominion, or Yukon district, in the interest of the Hudson's Bay Company, was given. Through the kindness of Dr. G. M. Dawson, of the Geological Survey, we are able to present some views taken by him in the course of his exploration and survey of 1887, on different parts of Campbell's route. Dease Lake is now included in the Cassiar district of British Columbia. This lake and the country about it has a somewhat remarkable history. It may be said to have been discovered, first by officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, and again, after it had been well nigh forgotten for many years, by the gold miners Mr. J. McLeod, chief trader, from the Mackenzie river side, reached and named the lake in 1834, and in 1839 Campbell established a port on the lake which was abandoned the following year. The officers of the company were engaged in building up the fur trade and not in searching for gold. Thirty-three years afterwards two wandering prospectors, a French-Canadian and a Scotchman, named Thibert and McCulloch, who had made their way across the continent from the Red River country, stumbled upon the lake. Before this they had found the object of their search, gold, upon the Dease River, by which the lake discharges to the Liard, one of the main tributaries of the MacKenzie. The Indians told them of the lake, and they were obliged to leave their gold discovery to go in search of fish, to be caught and cured for the approaching winter. These men had already suffered many hardships and barely escaped starvation the year before. They had no idea of their geographical position or the comparatively short distance which then separated them from the Pacific Coast. But having been informed by the Indians of Dease Lake that some white men were engaged in gold mining on another river not far off, they abandoned their plan of wintering on the lake and continued on their journey. Thus they crossed the low watershed which separates Dease Lake from the valley of the Stikive, and finding the miners, eventually reached the ocean. Next season they returned, and in 1875 and 1876 between one and two thousand men were engaged in gold mining in the "Cassiar district" as it then came to be called. Since that time the mining has gradually declined in importance, as the richer known auriferous gravel deposits have been exhausted, and no more permanent form of mining has yet been initiated. The best and almost unknown country which extends on all sides of the lake and a few of the main rivers, which alone have been mapped, has, however, as yet been very little prospected and it is probable that many gold-bearing creeks still remain to be found. Meanwhile the houses built and implements made by the miners in the "flush times" are falling to decay.

Our engraving of the lake is a view from its upper or southern end, the old houses in the foreground being those erected at the point where the pack-trail from the Stikive reached it. The lake is twenty-four miles in length and lies nearly north and south. Its height over the sea is 2,660 feet. Previous to the determination of its position by the Geological Survey, it had been shown on most maps about two degrees in longitude too far to the east.

Our second engraving is a view on Dease river fifty-five miles below the lake, at the mouth of a tributary known as McDawe Creek. This tributary was also the site of an important mining camp, and some mining is still in progress on it, though most of the claims have fallen into the hands of the Chinese on their abandonment or sale by the whites. The building in the foreground is a small trading post, which now belongs to the Hudson's Bay Company. This place is situated near the 59th parallel of latitude, and though the forests in the low grounds are well grown, much snow lies on the higher parts of the adjacent mountains throughout the year.

A third view shows Dr. Dawson's party engaged in building boats for the expedition, in burnt woods near Dease Lake. On arriving at the lake, in June 1887, neither boats nor even boards could be procured, and about a week was consumed in cutting and sawing logs and building three flat-bottomed boats which, it will be observed, were not drawn on any fine lines. They nevertheless served the purpose in view, and in one of them Mr. McConnell descended the lower part of the Liard which includes possibly more dangerous water than any similar length of river on the continent.

Three views given in this number represent scenes in the extreme northern or inland portion of British Columbia, to the south of the 60th parallel, which forms the northern boundary of that province. Others presented herewith are from the country north of this boundary, in the farthest part of the North-West Territory, or what is known as the Yukon District proper. The vast tract of country so viewed is bounded on the south as above indicated, on the west by the U.S. territory of Alaska and eastward by the Rocky mountain range. It is estimated to contain an area of 192,000 square miles. This numerical statement perhaps conveys little to the ordinary reader; to those it may be better expressed by saying it is nearly equal to the size of France or about three times as large as the New England States.

The first authentic information obtained of this region is due to Mr. Robert Campbell, whose portrait appeared in a former number. He it was, in 1840, who first reached and named the Pelly river, one of the main tributaries of what is now known as the Yukon. Some years before, the Russians had found the mouth of a large river on Behring sea, which they named the Kwickpok and at a later date this and the Pelly-Yukon were proved to be identical. Describing his discovery of the Pelly, Mr. Campbell writes:—"Leaving the canoe and part of the crew near the extremity of this branch (of Frances lake, which drains toward the MacKenzie) I set out with three Indians and the interpreter. Shouldering our blankets and guns, we ascended the valley of a river which we traced to its source in a lake ten miles long, which, with the river, I named Finlayson's lake and river. * * * From this point we descended the west slope of the Rocky mountains, and on the second day from Finlayson's lake, we had the pleasing satisfaction of seeing from a high bank a splendid river in the distance. I named the bank from which we caught the first glimpse of the river 'Pelly Banks,' and the river 'Pelly River,' after our brave governor Sir H. Pelly." It is impossible here to detail Mr. Campbell's further exploration of this river and some of its tributaries, and the incidents connected with the founding of trading posts and their subsequent abandonment, all of which, however, form part of the early history of the North-West.

One of our views represents part of the upper course of the Pelly, where it is divided by numerous flat islands into several channels. Another shows the confluence of the Macmillan, a large tributary of which the course has never yet been mapped, with the Pelly. The third is a view on the Windy Arm of Tagish Lake which is part of a remarkable system of picturesque lakes feeding the Lewes river, another great affluent of the Pelly-Yukon.

These views are from photographs taken by Dr. George Dawson, of the Geological Survey, in 1887. The whole Pelly river was at that time found to be uninhabited, even by Indians, though Campbell had for many years before found these people to be numerous along it. The craft shown in the foreground of the two first pictures is a canvas canoe, which was built where the river was first reached and used in its descent.

Several ranges of mountains of considerable height intersect the country through which the Pelly flows, but much of the surface is rather low and is believed to be capable of producing hardy crops, though in so high a latitude. In contrast

with the Pelly, the Lewes river and Tagish lake are on a route which has now become moderately familiar to the gold miners of the Yukon district. Views of other places along the Lewes from photographs by Mr. W. Ogilvie, D.L.S., who was specially charged with the survey, have already appeared in this journal.

The Empress of India.

It is scarcely worth noticing, yet a bare reference may be made to the fact that the Associated Press dispatch, crediting the *New York Herald*, has a curious example of the *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* in reporting the arrival of the Empress of India. In the first place, the fact of her ownership is carefully kept out of sight; in the next she is stated to have made the passage from Yokohama to San Francisco, the intention being evidently to convey the idea that she is one of a line of United States steamers.—*Scottish American*.

Literary and Personal Notes.

Among the wreaths placed on Lord Beaconsfield's tomb on "Primrose day" were two from the Queen—one composed of immortelles and the other of primroses.

In a book called "The Insanity of Genius," Mr. J. F. Nisbet suggests that Shakespeare died of paralysis, and refers to a book by the poet's son-in-law, Dr. Hall, which proves that there was nervous disease in the Shakespeare family.

Father Pendosey, who died in the Okanagan country very recently, was a hero, says the *London Universe*. He was a son to Gen. Pendosey and heir to a fortune of 2,500,000*fr.*, but preferred to resign an existence of affluent pleasure to become a French Oblate and devote himself to evangelization of savages. In the disputes of the western tribes with United States from 1860 to 1890 he acted as arbitrator. He possessed such an intimate knowledge of medicine and effected such extraordinary cures that the redskins looked upon him as almost a supernatural being.

Stray Notes.

WELL QUALIFIED.—Young Man: I see you have advertised for a book agent? Publisher: Yes, sir; what recommendations have you? Young Man: I solicited subscriptions for the crew at college last year. Publisher: You'll do.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

FATHER: What's that noise in the next room? Mother: It's Bobby singing "I want to be an angel," dear little fellow. Father: Well, you'd better go and see what he is up to.

"YES," said the chairman, sadly, "our temperance meeting last night would have been more successful if the lecturer hadn't been so absent minded." "What did he do?" "He tried to blow the foam from a glass of water."

PRETTY DAUGHTER: Ma, may I go boating? Fond Mother: Indeed you shan't. The idea! Who invited you? Daughter: Mr. Bliffers. Fond Mother: Oh, yes, you may go with Mr. Bliffers. He has a cork leg, and if the boat upsets just you hang on to that.

SUMMER tourist (noticing limestone formation of banks): I suppose the water in this river is rather hard, isn't it? Native: It is, indeed, sir. Why only last summer a gentleman threw himself over the bridge and fell on it, and it killed him, same as it had been a rock, sir.

"Don't let Bronson write my obituary," said the dying man.

"Why not?" asked the other.

"He—knows—me—too—well," gasped the other.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Young Poetess (to editor): "Here is a little poem of a pathetic nature, sir. I showed it to my mother and she actually cried over it."

Editor (after reading the poem): "You say your mother cried?"

"Young Poetess: "Yes, sir."

Editor: "Well, you go home and promise your mother never to write any more poetry, and I think the old lady will dry her eyes."



CHAPTER I.

"Why, half past seven, and papa not home yet! What can be keeping him? Surely the train is in. But perhaps some business is detaining him. I will wait another quarter of an hour, and, if he is not in then, will send Mary down to the station to enquire whether the trains are running regularly. I hope this dreadful fog may not have caused an accident."

Having formed this resolve, Mabel Fairchild sat down, nervously poked an already cheerful fire and watched the hands of the clock, which was solemnly ticking on the mantelpiece.

Ten minutes of the allotted quarter of an hour had already elapsed when Mary, after a formal knock, entered the sitting room.

"Will you wait any longer for master, please Miss, or shall I serve dinner now?" the girl asked.

"I think we will wait a little longer, Mary. I cannot understand what is detaining papa; he is always so punctual. I wish you would walk down to the station and see if the trains are on time. It is very foggy, and I hardly like to send you out, but I am getting so anxious. If the trains are not delayed, I am afraid he must be ill. Poor papa! He has looked so worried for the last two or three days."

Mary, good, willing girl, did not object in the slightest to the ten minutes walk from Enmore Villa to Hampton Wick Station, even though the night was foggy. She at once put on her hat and cloak and started off.

Mary had not gone many minutes when a ring at the door caused Mabel to run and open it, exclaiming, "Oh! here he is at last, dear old darling. Mary must have missed him;" and she was preparing to throw her arms round the neck of the gentleman who entered and to bestow upon him the kiss with which she usually greeted her father on his return from the city.

Before, however, she had time to act on this impulse she discovered that the form in the doorway was not her father, but her father's very intimate friend, Mr. Hawthorne, whose house, "The Hollies," was a few minutes farther off from the station than their own.

"Oh, Mr. Hawthorne!" she cried, in rather a disappointed tone, "I thought you were papa. I cannot imagine why he is not home. You want to see him, I daresay. He surely can't be long now. I suppose the trains must be running all right, in spite of the fog, or you would not be back from the city. You had better stay and keep me company till he comes."

Mr. Hawthorne took her kindly by the hand and led her into the sitting-room. She took her old seat by the fire-place and he occupied the arm-chair which, according to custom, she had drawn up opposite her own for her father.

"I am so glad you have called, Mr. Hawthorne," said Mabel. "You know, sitting here all alone, I have been getting quite fidgety about papa. He has been looking so careworn and ill lately. I told him he really ought not to go to business this morning. I suppose you lunched together as usual to-day. How was he looking then?"

Mr. Hawthorne averted his eyes and said, in rather a husky voice, "My dear Mabel, it was to speak to you about your father that I called to-night."

Mabel's perceptions, quickened by anxiety, were swift to detect an ominous meaning in Mr. Hawthorne's words.

"Oh! Mr. Hawthorne," she cried, drawing her chair closer to him and looking steadily at him, "You don't mean that anything has happened to him. Is it that he is too ill to come home?"

Mr. Hawthorne, under Mabel's searching gaze, could no longer keep his eyes averted; they met hers, and in them she read that her fears were well grounded.

"Tell me!" she said. "Do not keep me in suspense, Mr. Hawthorne. Tell me how serious is his condition."

"Poor child!" said Mr. Hawthorne to himself, rising and taking both her hands in his, "How can I tell her?"

"Oh, do not hesitate! If he is ill I must know it and go to him at once. What is it? Is he suffering much?"

"Mabel, he has been ill; but he has not suffered much."

"Oh! then he is better?"

"My poor girl! You must know it sooner or later—"

A wild cry; an appealing look.

"Oh, do not tell me! He is dead!"

CHAPTER II.

After Mabel had recovered in some degree from the shock which the knowledge of her father's death occasioned, Mr. Hawthorne, having left her meanwhile in charge of Mary, who had by that time returned, had called a cab and taken her to "The Hollies," that in her grief and prostration she might have the benefit of Mrs. Hawthorne's kindly ministrations.

Happy is it for Youth that Nature accords it a restorative solace in its sorrows which Age is oftentimes denied. When Mr. Hawthorne left for the city next morning, Mabel had not awakened from the slumber into which she had sobbed herself just as the gray dawn was succeeding the deep gloom of that darkest hour which ever heralds the approach of Aurora.

But as the suburban train carried him to the heart of England's business life he could not help looking forward with apprehension to the ordeal he must pass through in the evening when Mabel came to question him as to the particulars of her father's death.

All day long he revolved in his mind how much he should tell her; what suppress and what reveal of the sad occurrence. By the evening he had resolved on his course of action, and, after a short consultation with Mrs. Hawthorne, was quite prepared for the painful interview. But the signs of suffering on Mabel's face disturbed the equanimity into which he fancied he had reasoned himself. He had not the heart to tell her all of even the few particulars he had intended relating.

"Neither you nor Mrs. Hawthorne," said Mabel, after a short silence, "have told me any of the circumstances of poor papa's death."

"My dear," said Mr. Hawthorne, "there is not much to tell. Your father was found dead in his office yesterday, no one having been present at the time he expired. The doctors," he continued, rather uneasily, "attribute his death to failure of the action of the heart. You, of course, know his heart has always been rather weak. I was at once informed of the sad occurrence, but too late to do anything beyond performing those last offices which, as an old friend, I could not leave to strangers."

Having recovered in some degree from the agitation which these references occasioned, Mabel enquired:

"When have you arranged for the funeral, Mr. Hawthorne? I should like to see dear papa just once again."

"The funeral, my dear, is to take place to-morrow. I am afraid you are not well enough for the strain which I am sure seeing your dear father would occasion. If you will let Mrs. Hawthorne and me advise, I would suggest you forego this melancholy satisfaction."

As Mabel felt too crushed to assert her own wishes she submitted to the advice of her friends.

The next morning, when reading in his *Standard* the account of the coroner's inquest in which

he had taken a part the previous day, Mr. Hawthorne could not help feeling ashamed of his well-intentioned duplicity of the night before. But he had acted for the best. To have told Fairchild's daughter that her father had died by his own hand and that he had died not only a ruined but a dishonoured man, would have been too brutal. If she must know all, let her learn it at a time when she will be better able to bear it. In the meantime he must, as far as possible, try to straighten out his friend's estate. He has already learned sufficient to know that Mabel will be worse than penniless. The collapse of the Peruvian and Chilian Mining and Railway Company, in which Fairchild had invested not only the bulk of his own property but also the funds entrusted to him by a number of others for investment, had been the cause of his suicide. It meant a loss to Hawthorne himself of two thousand pounds, and he knew many others were involved in the crash to even a greater extent.

Though in the course of a few weeks Mr Hawthorne had, by degrees, made Mabel aware of her penniless condition, he had not yet had the courage to tell her the whole history of her father's death. He was beginning to feel that, at all costs, a full revelation must without any longer delay be made, or she might hear the truth from other sources. He was waiting for a favourable opportunity to carry this resolve into execution, when one day Mabel herself introduced the subject of her plans for the future, and surprised him by saying:

"Dear Mr. Hawthorne, I have been thinking over your and Mrs. Hawthorne's generous offer for me to make this my home for the future. I cannot tell how grateful I am for the kind proposition. It is really too good of you. You may think it is a false pride which causes me to hesitate about accepting it. Had I any income of my own I should feel different about embracing it; but I am sure that in a dependent position I could never be contented. Besides, the associations of Hampton Wick will always be painful to me. I have been thinking over the opportunities of earning a livelihood in England, and I have come to the conclusion that a much better field is offered in the Colonies than at home. I was looking through the advertisements in the last *Church Times* and came across this one: 'Comfortable home in the Canadian Northwest is offered to young lady—domesticated, refined, musical—as companion in English family (Anglican). Address, Mrs. Clifford, Tappington, N.W.T., Canada.' I am sure you and Mrs. Hawthorne will not feel offended if I answer it, and should my application be successful, accept the situation. Amid entirely new scenes I think I am more likely to forget my trouble."

Mr. Hawthorne, though grieved at the prospect of losing Mabel, could not but see many reasons in favour of her proposal. His losses through her father's speculations had somewhat affected his ability to properly provide for her. Her going to Canada, too, would avoid the necessity of imparting to her the information concerning her father's death he so much dreaded communicating; for, in a strange country, there was no likelihood of her ever hearing of the circumstances. And why should her life be unnecessarily embittered by the knowledge of her father's disgrace and crime?

So it was that Mabel Fairchild became a resident of the Canadian West.

CHAPTER III.

After a few months' residence in the Northwest, Mabel began to realize that, after all, it was not, as she had imagined, such a very heroic and adventurous undertaking to cross the Atlantic and begin life afresh in a new country. The West is not so wild as she had pictured it. She has a comfortable home with kind people. The violence of her grief has spent itself; and though a touch of sadness still shadows her it is not too heavy to prevent her taking an active interest in what goes on around her and extracting not a little enjoyment from her new life.

Her enjoyments have been simple. She has taken intense pleasure in watching the changes that nature has wrought in those few months in the broad expanse of rolling prairie surrounding

the Clifford homestead. From the breaking through the vanishing snow of the prairie crocus to the glowing glory of the orange tiger-lily, and from the disappearance of that brilliant mantle of vivid colour to the dull and withered brown of its autumn vesture, she has seen the prairie day by day a kaleidoscope of floral splendour. She has not been able to enjoy the advantages of society to the same extent as she has revelled in the beauties of nature, even had her bereavement left her disposed to indulge in social pleasures; but she has met not a few people during her stay at the Cliffords', many of whom are of a class she did not expect to find amongst pioneer settlers, and some of whom she has attached to herself by ties of friendship.

Some of the settlers, who are mostly English, have been there for several years. Among this class are the Cliffords. They are a respectable and well connected family, who, unable to maintain their position in England, have left their native land to establish a substantial home in the Colonies. There are others who have not been in the Northwest for so long a period. Many of these are young men. Among the latter is young Herbert Seymour, whose residence in the settlement has been about the same length as Miss Fairchild's. He is a young fellow who, being destined for the bar, was pursuing his studies at Oxford when financial embarrassment caused him to abandon the

plans which had been formed for him and go into farming in the Northwest. He has been a frequent guest at the Clifford's, and Mrs. Clifford has treated him as one of her own sons. Indeed he is a general favourite in the settlement. He is genial and hard-working and exhibits but little regret at the financial causes, to which he seldom refers, which have directed his steps to a prairie farm.

Mrs. Clifford's interest in the young man seems to have infected Mabel also. A discerning eye like Mrs. Clifford's does not fail to detect a slightly heightened colour and a suspicion of agitation on the part of her young companion when the voice of Seymour is heard mingling with those of the Clifford boys as they approach the house for supper during the summer evenings; and she has also noticed that similar signs in Seymour's appearance and manner are observable whenever he enters the house.

Mabel is out one evening at the house of a friend, and the Clifford family,—or, at least, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford and their eldest son, Bob,—are chatting together. The subject of conversation is Seymour.

"Do you know, my dear," said Mr. Clifford to his wife, "I should not mind hazarding a guess that before very long you will have to ask your brother, the Reverend Henry, to put another advertisement in the *Church Times* for you."

To be concluded in our next.



AMALFI.
(From the painting by Salles.)



TORONTO, 22nd May, 1891.

I learn from an English newspaper of an unusual honour lately conferred on poetry and poets, or—as is more fittingly said in this connection—on poetesses. It is the execution in brass *reponsi* of a memorial poem to the late Canon Sir Gore Ouseley, written by Miss Sarah Anne Stowe, of Hereford, and placed in Hereford Cathedral by the Dean and Chapter. The tablet is 86 in. long by 26 in. wide, affording a remarkable departure from the usual style of mural entablature.

How far the poem itself departs from, or resembles, the usual kind of memorial verse, we have not been given the opportunity of judging; to our regret, I am sure I may say, for there is no doubt that a poem so distinguished must have within it the poet's best utterance—noble thoughts nobly expressed.

The Ontario Society of Artists opened their annual exhibition in the Art Gallery this week, and, I am sorry to say, have followed the lead of the Royal Academy exhibition in employing an orchestra. There is something utterly repulsive, to my own taste, in this bolstering up of one art by another, so that I cannot do otherwise than condemn it, all the artists of the city to the contrary—if they are so—notwithstanding. The present is said to be the "finest exhibition of pictures ever seen in Toronto," and if it be so, the employment of meretricious attractions is less excusable than ever. I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing the pictures, and shall refer to them in my next letter.

The Toronto Art Students' League has issued invitations to a view of "sketches forming part of the winter's work of the members." The exhibition covers four days, beginning to-day, and as I know the conscientious methods of study pursued by such of the exhibitors as I am acquainted with, the results I am sure will be satisfactory. Most, if not all, the members have to earn their living by what is called "commercial work," furnishing us with the artistic bank cheques, commercial stationery, show cards, calendars, lithographs and engravings of every sort that beautify our commercial life, as well as the numerous illustrations that enliven our newspapers and advertisement sheets, and of which we think so little, yet all of which require special training of the eye and hand, and a knowledge of pure art. This last the Art Students' League organized itself to obtain, employing its own models and emulating in every way the best work of London and New York. My invitation is prettily emblazoned with an etching of blue and white violets.

Quite a little breeze has sprung up over the action of the newly appointed health officer for Toronto, Dr. Allen, in discharging *all* the employes of the department and re-engaging only such as he thought best fitted to carry out his intentions. Hitherto the aldermen have been the medium of approach to civic employment, but Dr. Allen thinks it a bad and annoying system, full of holes and leakages in the matter of efficiency.

The City Engineer, Mr. Jennings, also objects to being 'approached' by aldermen in the matter of selection of employes, and it seems to be an initial plank in the platform of the new ownership of the Street Railway that the aldermen shall have no say in the same matter, so that it looks as if aldermanic influence had received its death blow, and that the 'right man in the right place' idea had come to stay.

The bad grace with which the Hon. Frank Smith gave over his valuable franchise to the city was more laughable than annoying, though it certainly partook of the latter characteristic also, particularly to the public, who supposed that after so large a bite of the taxes had been given to the legal settlement of the matter that settlement would be for good, and not form the subject of further litigation, much less be used as a means of forcing a premium upon their

own expenditure out of their pockets. Many citizens positively refused to pay the required five cents, tickets having been refused them, and there was no power could have forced them to do it. Even the drivers refusing to drive would only have resulted in the citizens taking the driving into their own hands, which would have cost more lawyer's fees all round.

The public looks to see that the men, drivers, conductors and others, get their rights in the matter of shorter hours and just pay. Exposed as they are to the severest weather, it is felt that twelve hours, particularly in winter, is an unconscionable time for a man to be standing on an open platform, holding reins, and, in the case of the abominable bobtail car, giving change and selling tickets, as well as being responsible for the conduct of his car.

Surely there is no need for striking where both parties to a contract intend to do what is just and right! It is high time these collisions of labour were looked upon as disgraces to the offender, who is not always the employer nor always the employed.

The Church of England Woman's Auxiliary to Missions have been holding excellent meetings in St. James' school house. On Thursday afternoon, at four o'clock, a gathering of the juvenile branches was held. These number twenty-three, and are doing useful work, as well as growing up with a proper understanding of the claims and needs of missionary work.

Professor Lloyd, of Trinity College, who has lived in Japan, gave a very interesting address on that country and its spiritual needs, but expressed a fear for the future of the church there, owing to a feeling of antagonism to foreigners which had lately shown itself. The W. M. A. M. has undertaken the support of Miss Sherlock, a lady who is preparing herself as a missionary to Japan. Dr. Kirkby, lately Archdeacon of Moosomin, spoke in encouraging terms of the work in the North-West.

The second of the yearly concerts given by the Public School Children, under the leadership of Professor Cringan, their instructor in music, will take place in the Mutual Street Rink to-night. Seven hundred young voices will unite in choruses, and there are also several trios and part songs on the programme. Calisthenics, under Captain Thompson, and an orchestra from the band of the Royal Grenadiers will form part of the entertainment. To-day is called Floral Day in public school records, and in accordance with the idea the rink is beautifully wreathed and decorated with flowers, among which the "old flag" is prominently displayed, no foreign flag finding a place there.

The great steel conduit that is to supply the city with pure water—that is, water from the depths of the lake, instead of the shallows of the bay—has been taken over from the contractors by the city; but it is held, and not without reason, by many, that a leakage of five-eighths of one per cent. of the water thus conducted is too large to be as satisfactory as the City Council appear to deem it. Why there should be a leak at all in a new steel pipe is a pertinent enquiry.

The W. C. T. U. of the district of Toronto have brought Miss Bertha Wright, of Ottawa, to conduct a week of Evangelistic meetings for them. The evening meetings are to be held in Mission Hall, so that the poor can be reached.

S. A. CURZON

In Study and Camp.

In one of my reflective moments, while the fumes of blue tobacco smoke were curling upwards from my faithful pipe, like the columns that rise from the camp fire on a lonely lake shore, it occurred to me that I might please myself, and perhaps a chance reader, by jottings of a philosophical or descriptive nature, relating to study life and out-door pilgrimages that I have known. I have little doubt that the articles will smell more of the lamp than the pine, and it is just possible that I may ramble so much that the reader will get no more about study or wood lore than the audience of Artemus Ward did of the "Babes in the Wood," which was the title of one of his most laughable lectures. After over an hour of rambling talk, that humourist would say, "I now come to my subject, 'The Babes in the Wood.'" [Then, looking at his watch with surprise], "But I find I have exceeded my time, and will merely remark that, so

far as I know, they were very good babies; they were as good as ordinary babies."

I trust that the reader will follow me with the same patience with which Jim Smiley, *not* the Rev. Leonidas, would follow a straddle bug. "He would follow that straddle bug to Mexico, but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road." My straddle bug course may be the result of thinking upside down (which most of us do with out knowing it until we put pen to paper) or it may be a poetical symbol of devious forest paths, and consequently highly to be commended in an article of this nature.

I fancy I hear some venerable Nimrod jeer at me, a book-worm, for imagining that I could do aught of justice to nature. Go to thy Izaak Walton, thou scoffer, or consider that the great Darwin confounded the pigeon fanciers with his knowledge. Have I not shot my bird as well as thou, and Iain, surrounded by an arsenal, up yonder gleaming Gatineau, in oat fields, on the edge of the disconsolate forest, in wait for a bear; who never left the spot—because he never came! Come to my den and thou shalt share my flask and my fish story, of which already are many editions exhausted.

The man who is truly literary is keenly alive to the influence and beauty of nature, and may perhaps more forcibly express the sentiments engendered by solitude and wood-glooms than the generally unromantic toiler in such sylvan scenes. What would I not give with "Birch and Paddle,"

"Mid task and toil, a space
To dream on nature's face,"

With my friend Professor Roberts, or sit with Bliss Carman (which should have been *Carmen*) while

"Through crests of the hoarse tide swing
Clove sheer the sweep of her bow;
There was loosed the ice-roaring of spring
From the jaws of her prow,—
Of the long Red Swan full-wing,
The long Red Swan full-wing;"

to say nothing of spending a "Morning on the Lièvres" with Lampman, and journeying on "The St. Lawrence and Saguenay,"—only methinks Sangster had a more delightful companion than ever I could hope to prove.

(Of a truth, I believe the creed of certain German philosophers that the universe exists only in our minds (no slang intended) is largely true, and that we put into nature almost all that we take out again. Do you suppose that all the beauty crystallized in humming birds' names arose through the bird alone, of which that preceptor of my youth and friend of my manhood, George Murray, has written so charmingly,

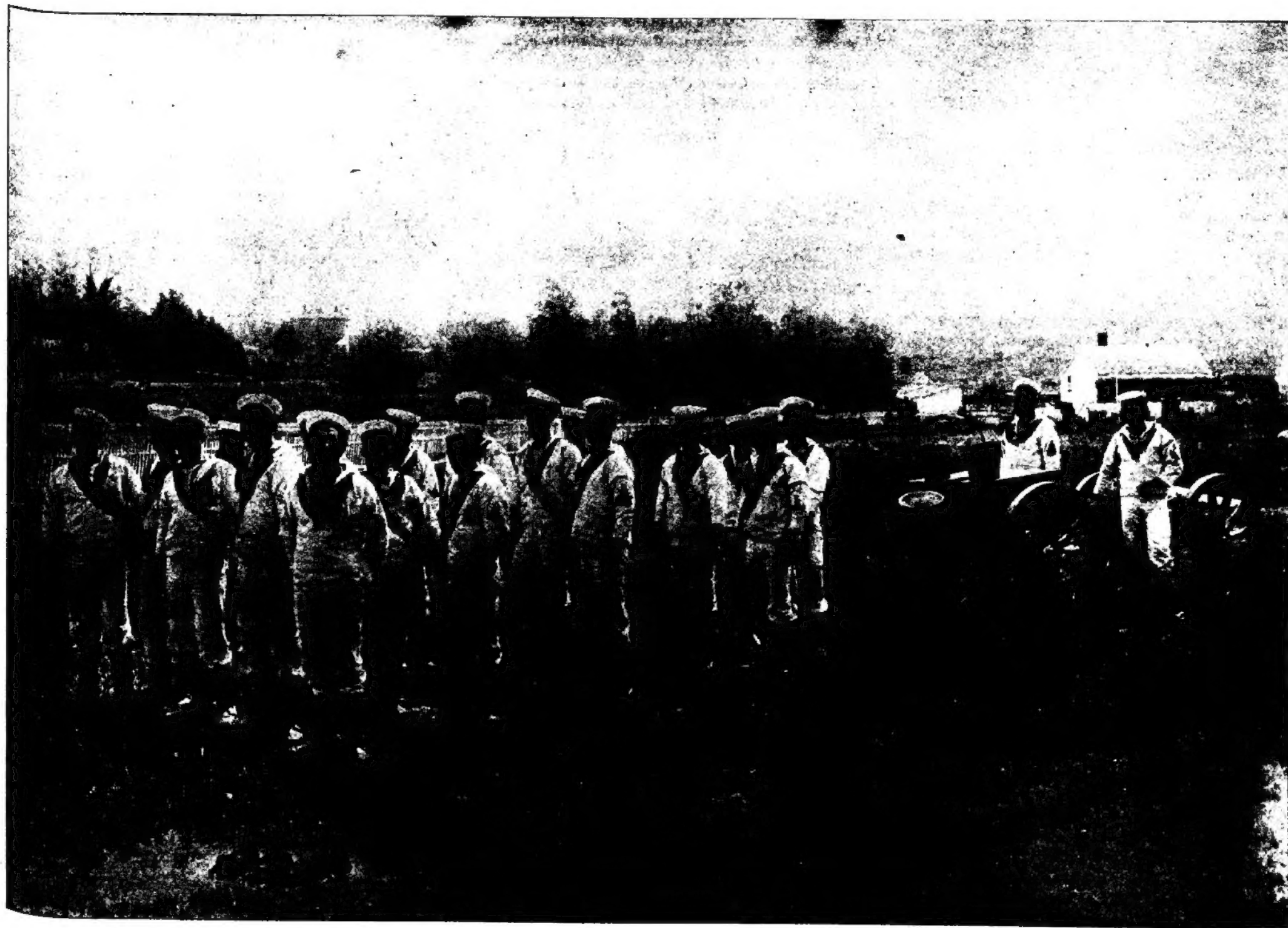
"What dainty epithets thy tribes
Have won from men of science!
Pedantic (!) and poetic scribes
For once are in alliance."

The exclamation mark is my own, for I am not going to admit that men of science, of which I once hoped to be a distinguished light, are pedantic. The more one knows, the humbler one grows.

As an example that some men who live at the lodge gates of Nature have never seen the true beauty of her palace as it is revealed to men of more studious bent, I will adduce the following statement of fact:

I was once standing upon the rear platform of the Canadian Pacific train for Ottawa, enjoying to the full the beautiful prospect of the Grand River at sunset, when a roughly dressed man, whom I took to be a farmer, remarked at my elbow: "Isn't that a beautiful sight?" "Here," thought I, "is a man after my own heart, a horny-handed son of toil, who is quick to realize the beauties of nature;" and I turned to open a conversation with him, when he "stuck a fact into me like a stiletto." "Yes," he continued, "I never seen a finer field of potatoes than them is." His eyes had never got past those potatoes to the shimmering gold and silver of the Ottawa, with its island gems and olive banks beyond!

Observation on a small scale and reading on a more extensive scale have led me to believe that the more cultured the man the more capable is he of being a savage. An eminent physician once said to me, "we are all veneered," and the man of intellect is like a thermometer, capable of a great rise or a great fall, and often, like that instrument, wholly influenced by the atmosphere in which he finds himself. Did not Keats, poor fellow, who, however, was more angel than devil, largely sow the seeds of his death malady, for he was not "snuffed out by an article," not being of candle but rather of electric light power? Burns and Byron, and even erratic Shelley, the atheist, who worshipped God under the name of Truth, have pointed a moral and adorned a tale before this, and I will pass them over as



ROYAL NAVAL FIELD GUN TEAM, ESQUIMAULT, B. C.

well as a certain political genius of the motherland, who has played Anthony to the Cleopatra of a certain lady, to whose name the letters M. E. were well added from a phonetic point of view. Do we not read also that the Little Corporal once ogled the nurse of Louis, his namesake (who acted the harlequin at Strasbourg and Boulogne) until that demure damsel fled the scene, but not before the Emperor remarked, "that rascal has a very pretty nurse."

But this phase of the subject had better be dropped. Many of us would be sufficiently curious to steal a glance at a pretty face. Nature's laws are wonderfully tangled, and if a lord looks at a charming woman and my Lady at a handsome man, they should both be the better for it, for beauty is elevating and not degrading.

Is not the poet the man who follows his instincts, his heart promptings more than his reason; and thus far is he not a savage? When we descend to fundamentals, the human race is an actual brotherhood. I am reminded of an old Scottish witticism, in which a man who objected to the doctrine of original sin was assured that he had sufficient natural wickedness to settle his destiny. Whether it came from Adam (created Friday, October 28th, B.C., 4004, according to Blair) or from ourselves, the savagery is in us, and will, if not looked after, lead to worse than camps and camp life. How solemnly fall poor Heavysage's words upon our ears:

"Open, my heart, thy ruddy valves;
It is thy master calls;
Let me go down and, curious, trace
Thy labyrinthine halls.
Open, O heart, and let me view
The secrets of thy den;
Myself unto myself now shew
With introspective ken.
Expose thyself, thou covered nest
Of passions and be seen;
Stir up thy brood, that in unrest
Are ever piping keen.
Ah! what a motley multitude
Magnanimous and mean."

Speaking of Heavysage, are you aware, Mr. Critic, that in his drama of Saul, declared "one of the most remarkable English poems ever written out of Great Britain," he introduces the use of tobacco, or at least the practice of pipe smoking, which is the origin of the name? Listen to this, act III., scene 2, line 25 et seq.

"Man is a pipe that life doth smoke,
As saunters it the earth about;
And when 'tis wearied of the joke,
Death comes and knocks the ashes out."

My edition is one I am proud of. It was a review copy and bears the pencil marks of the reviewer, whom few fine lines have escaped. It was once Clemow's, the author of Simon Seek, &c.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, who discovered Heavysage's greatness (a prophet is not without honour save in his own country—particularly if that be Canada), has given us, in his parable of "The Minister's Black Veil," a hint of the savagery which is in us all; and to approach the savagery to which I alluded more particularly in the first instance, we have the evidence of Thackeray who shows the literary interest in savage acts by writing,—

"And while in fashion picturesque
The poet rhymes of blood and blows,
The grave historian at his desk
Describes the same in classic prose."

I believe that, whatever the muscular section of the human race may do, some pale-faced scribe, or a muscular one, and these are many, will work himself into a fever over it. Even theologians are not exempt; the Pope struck a medal in honour of the St. Bartholomew massacre, while the Puritans gloried in the burning of women with a mole on their faces. I wonder what the latter would say to the caustic moles on the faces of some of their descendants.

I know that, for my part, I am a savage. I do not like to see a dog fight, and I have parted belligerent boys in the street, yet there is a time, when my blood is flowing well in my veins and my spirits are high, when I should not mind being a principal in some such affair, and would welcome with delight the tread of someone on my trailing coat. But then, I have Irish blood in me. Growing responsibilities make such feelings very transitory, so that perhaps this is not survival of the fittest (or fitist) but the last shilling of some ancestral inheritance. I was a "sport," in its decorous sense, before I was a scribe, and the comrades with whom I am most at ease are certain unliterary, though not unlettered friends, who neither air their knowledge in my presence nor compel me to air mine in theirs. We have slept under the same blankets in forest fastnesses, eaten out of the same camp kettle, and spun the same fish tales these many years, and may we do the same occasionally for many more, and the heirs male of our bodies after us.

It is true that I am not so ardent a huntsman as they. I have not been an enthusiast in sport for years, and cold quarters, or uneasy bed fellows of the order Aphaniptera, otherwise known as the wicked flea, whom each man pursueth, or even continuous poor fare dampen my sporting ardor. I like to be let lie late into the night by a camp fire, smoking my pipe, listening to the

ripple washing in the reeds
And the wild water lapping on the crag,

while perhaps the slow moon dips through fleecy clouds overhead and a far off owl hoots intermittently and reminds one of a disembodied spirit. Next to lying late, is waking early in the profound stillness and stealing down to the bath in the lake with such feelings as Adam might have had before he fell and knew his nakedness, leaving the other fellows to get breakfast and clean last night's dishes. But of this anon, for we are still in the study.



The spring meeting of the Ontario Jockey club gave every promise of being the success that the generous efforts of the club deserve. It must also be a source of pleasure to the men who contributed of their abundance to see how owners flocked in with their entries. The numbers for the Carslake stake beat the record, so to speak, and the entries for the others were all well up. The Bel-Air club's races give equal promise, and a visit to the track at the present time is an agreeable surprise to the person who has not seen it since the Fall races. The track proper has been gone over again and loamed, while the jumps on the steeplechase course have been rebuilt and hedged and the take-offs strengthened. In fact, there has been considerable improvement all round, and it is the intention of the management to keep on making improvements until there will not be its equal in Canada or its superior on the continent.

The sporting season opened with a rush on Saturday and Monday last, and the number of events which were crowded into these two days permits of scarcely more than a passing mention in these columns. The most important was the spring meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club, the success of which far surpassed anything hitherto undertaken by a Canadian jockey club. Fifteen thousand people on the opening day and nearly twenty thousand on the second day makes a record of which the citizens of Toronto may well feel proud. If something like the same sort of encouragement were meted out to the Bel-Air club on race days things would be much improved. Without hearty popular support, no track—no matter how well managed—can exist, for it is a very serious and a very costly business to run a race track; but if such results can be achieved in Toronto it is difficult to understand why such should not be the case in Montreal also. The wealth and fashion of the Queen City all flocked to the Woodbine; Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Hamilton, London, and a great many other Canadian cities were well represented, not to speak of our cousins from over the way, who wanted to get an inkling as to how running meetings are managed in this Canada of ours. And nothing but praise could be found for the management. Although not by any means the most valuable of the meeting the race for the Guineas is generally looked on as the most important event on the card and is certainly the one about which there is most speculation. A first class field of twelve faced the starter in the race, and a good deal of guessing was permissible when it comes to be remembered that there was but a shade of difference in the odds between the first five. The Terror colt, which, after the race, was so happily named Victorious by the Governor-General, was a little bit of a surprise, not in the winning of the race, but in the way he won it. A couple of lengths to spare from La Blanche and a good deal still left in the gelding will help to popularize Terror blood. Victorious is not a particularly good looking animal; he is one of those long-striding slashing big fellows, but he comes of stock hard to beat, being by Terror—Bonnie Vic. The Queen's Plate was his first race, but if he keeps up to anything like the promise given on Saturday he will be a very uncomfortable antagonist for province bred. In the first race M. J. Daley's Salisbury was a strong favourite, and popular opinion was justified by the result. In the steeplechase on the first day the favourite, Mackenzie, finished third, a fall helping to let Lochiel into the place, and quite a lot of money went with the fall. The Toronto Cup was a moral for My Fellow, and the race was consequently somewhat uninteresting. Mr. Higgins' chestnut happened to be in good humour, so he just galloped away from his field. Hercules, who has already put many dollars in his owner's pockets this season kept up his winning gait, and added another bracket to his name in the hurdle race, but he had his work cut out for him for all that, and Gladiator gave him all he could do at the finish, only half a length separating them. The last race of the day was the Free Welter Handicap, which turned out to be an easy mark for Lord of the Harem. Although a fairly good day for favourites there were a few things to be learned. The season had been backward in Montreal, and it was natural to suppose that the Dawes string would hardly be fit. Zea, however, went a long way towards dispelling that illusion, and her backers took in considerable money at 8 to 1 for a place. This led a good many

to suppose that Redfellow might have some chance for a place, but the big horse was too slow. Congratulations were showered on Mr. Seagram at the end of the race, and he deserved them all. His victory for the Plate was a popular one, because he is one of the genuine sportsmen who like sport for its own sake.

The sensation of the second day was the winning of the Woodstock Plate by Addie, a filly very much neglected in the books, against whom 40 to 1 was offered to win and 20 to 1 for the place. The race was a mile and a furlong, and even then it proved that there is such a thing as waiting too long. Nobody ever thought that the filly could be dangerous, so that when she was sent along for all that she was worth at the fall of the flag, the rest of the field thought she had shot her bolt and would soon come back to them. But she did not. She lasted out just long enough to win by a neck from Versatile and land a pot of money. And then everybody said, "It might have been different," etc. Undoubtedly it might; but that comes from underrating an opponent. Mr. Daly has a money-maker in Salisbury, and the sprinter carried off the Club House purse with apparent ease. But decidedly the best horse at the meeting, and perhaps in Canada, is Mr. Higgins' chestnut My Fellow. The way in which he cantered off with the Carslake handicap and left such horses behind as Mirabeau, Marauder, Redfellow and Bohemian, was a caution; and then he looked as fresh as if he had just come in from a practice gallop. In the Piper Heidsieck steeplechase Mackenzie was again a hot favourite, but he seems to be playing with Fortune against him. A tumble at the rails and the backers' money vanished into thin air, Repeater again capturing the purse. The Walker Cup fell to the Queen City stables, the only horses really in it being Sam Wood and Ely, although Pericles showed well for three-quarters and Calgary made a big effort in the last stretch. The hurdle race, which wound up the card on the second day, was the most uninteresting of the meeting. There was nothing in it but Lochiel, and from all appearances it would have been just as enjoyable if he had walked over the course. At the time of writing there are still two days of the meeting to finish. If they are anything like as successful as the opening ones then the Ontario Jockey Club have every reason to congratulate themselves on having given the best race meeting ever held in Canada.

The opening of the lacrosse season was watched with more or less interest on Monday last. The matches might be put down as preliminary canterers in the race for superiority, and something of the probabilities might be gleaned from the form shown on the field. In Montreal the Shamrocks and Cornwalls played an exhibition match. It was of just that sort which may be expected at the beginning of the season, when the players are only in about half condition. At the beginning things went along with a rush, and the Shamrock home were doing very promising work indeed, but the spark soon faded and they were at the mercy of their longer-winded opponents. The two first games were fairly fast and the Shamrocks had somewhat the best of it, obliging Cornwall to act on the defensive most of the time. Then play gradually got ragged and there was a tincture of roughness that the referee might have paid a little more attention to. Much better lacrosse will have to be played if the standard of the last few years is to be kept up. Both homes are strong; both defences are markedly weak.

In Toronto the case was different. The season, of course, is earlier in the West, and more time has been had for practice. The Torontos, however, were not over-confident and took no laying-off chances, so they beat the visitors after a close match, and one in which very creditable play was shown for so early in the season. Both teams will be considerably strengthened before the next match, on the 13th ult., and when the games begin for the cup there will be some lacrosse that will be surprising.

The first match for the C. L. A. championship has been played, and the Athletics have beaten the Torontos four straight games. This was to be expected, considering that the best part of Toronto's team was engaged on the same day with the Montrealers. In Ottawa there were two matches, in both of which the visitors were played fox and goose with, the Ottawa Capitals defeating the Indians and the Ottawas beating the Toronto Capitals.

An item has been going the rounds of the press to the effect that the Quebec Government have decided to take active steps for the preservation of fish and game in the pro-

vince. Everybody long ago was perfectly well aware of the destruction of our finny and feathered game except the Government. If the latter have at last had some of the scales lifted from their eyes,—well, let us all be profoundly thankful, and hope for the best.

The football players of the Ottawa Athletic Association are putting in some good hard practice for their match with the United States International team on June 6th, the latter team staying over at Ottawa on their way to England. The Yankees will also beard the football lions in their dens at Berlin and Toronto, where they will find their work cut out for them, but judging from the experience of the Canadians in New England last year the Yankees will likely come out on top again.

The annual tournament of the Canadian Lawn Tennis association is always an event looked forward to with much interest by lovers of the graceful pastime. This year it will be held on the Toronto club's grounds on July 14th, the principal competitions being:—

1. Gentlemen's single for the all-comers' prize. The winner of this event will be called on to play Mr. E. E. Tanner, of Buffalo, for the challenge cup of the Association, which has to be won three years in succession by the player before it becomes his property.
2. Gentlemen's doubles. This year it is proposed to give two cups to be played for on the same terms as the challenge cup, the winners to be entitled to be called "Champions of Canada." Prizes will also be given.

The Montreal Amateur Athletic Association has always merited so much of the public confidence and been managed in such a business-like way that if by any chance an unfavourable statement of the year's work had been made there would be consternation in many quarters. As it is, however, the association is becoming wealthier, more powerful, and is doing more good every season. The figures of last year's treasurer's statement may be condensed as follows:—The total revenue of the Association and its affiliated clubs was \$18,387 and the total expenditure \$11,860. Their assets amount to \$108,450 and exceed the liabilities by \$73,504, which sum represents the present capital of the M. A. A. A. The Board of Directors is composed of three members from each club, and the election resulted as follows:—Lacrosse—C. W. Hager, E. H. Brown, T. L. Paton. Snowshoe—F. C. A. McIndoe, W. L. Mathby, W. A. H. Dodds. Bicycle—A. T. Lane, G. Kingham, D. J. Watson. Toboggan—J. F. Sriver, J. A. Taylor, M. Freeman. Football—W. C. Hodgson, P. Barton, F. W. Taylor. The new board will meet shortly to elect a president.

The lines of the professional oarsman do not seem to be falling in particularly pleasant places just now, and Mr. Teemer says there will be very little interest taken in professional sculling until some of the Australians cross the Pacific. The championship of America, which Messrs. Teemer and O'Connor patriotically offered to row at Lachine for, if the well-known generosity of our citizens would put up a trifle in the shape of a \$5,000 purse, does not seem to be so important an event after all, for the generous citizen did not come forward to any great extent, and even the Exhibition committee thought they had enough to do to attend to their own business. Now the talk is of a double scull race in which Gaudaur and McKay will be pitted against Hanlan and O'Connor. Perhaps this scheme will have better luck, but I doubt it, although one end has signed articles.

The Royal Canadian Yacht club has a busy and brilliant season before it, and a new interest will be added to its sailing programme by the competition for the Queen's Cup, which will take place on Dominion Day. The sailing committee have divided the fleet into the following classes for the season:—First class, yachts over 46 feet, corrected length; 46-foot class, over 30 and up to and including 46 feet, corrected length; 30-foot class, over 25 feet and up to 30 feet; 25-foot class, between 21 and 25 feet; 21-foot class, yachts 21 feet and under. Skiff must not be more than 19 feet l.w.l., beam not more than 5 feet nor less than three. A programme of three events in each of these classes has been arranged as follows:—May 30, 21-foot class; June 6, 25-foot class; June 13, skiff class; June 20, cruising race, first and 46 foot classes; June 27, 30-foot class; July 1, Queen's Cup, value 500 sovereigns; July 4, 21-foot class; July 11, 25-foot class; July 16, Murray Cup, to be given to the first R.C.Y.C. boat in the 46-foot class; August 1, skiff class, Lansdowne Cup, yachts over

25 feet to 40 feet inclusive, corrected length; August 8, cruising race; first, 46 and 30-foot classes; August 15, 25-foot class; August 22, 21-foot class and McGaw Cup; August 29, skiff class; September 5, 30-foot class and Lorne Cup; September 7, Prince of Wales Cup; yachts over 35 feet, corrected length; September 12, cruising race; first and 46-foot classes. * * *

The final arrangements to govern the yacht races for Her Majesty's Cup have been arranged. On Saturday last a committee, consisting of Commodore Boswell, Hon. Sec. Bruce Harman and Mr. Monck, of Toronto, Mr. Biggar, of Belleville, Mr. A. E. Jarvis, of Hamilton, and Mr. Piddington, of Quebec, were received by the Governor-General in Toronto. His Excellency expressed the pleasure it gave him to note the growing interest in yachting, a sport of which he was very fond himself. A report was submitted by the committee to Lord Stanley in the evening and approved of. It provides that the first race for the cup shall be sailed at Toronto on Dominion day, and be open to forty-footers and over. Hamilton will have the race in the following year, open to thirty-footers, and in 1893 Kingston will be the place and the race will be open to intermediate classes. In the following year the race will be held at the place where the winning boat of 1893 is owned.

Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron.

The Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron was established in 1875, and received a warrant from the Admiralty dated November 9, 1880, entitling it "to wear the Blue Ensign of Her Majesty's Fleet, and also a blue burgee with the distinguishing mark of the squadron thereon; namely, a red cross of St. George, edged white, and the arms of the old Province of Nova Scotia in the upper corner." Its first commodore was Lord Dufferin, who was succeeded by Lords Lorne and Lansdowne. The two last named Governor-Generals presented the squadron with handsome cups for competition. Challenge cups have also been given by Lieut.-Governor (now Sir Adams) Archibald, Mr. Chauncey, of the 19th; the united Banks of Halifax; the owners of the squadron yacht "Wenonah," Mr. Marquand, of the New York yacht "Ruth"; General Lord Alexander Russell and his son, Captain Russell. The most noted event in the club's annals was the Jubilee regatta in 1887, when some valuable special prizes were competed for both by the squadron's yachts and by such famous visitors as the "Galatea," the "Dauntless" and the "Stranger." On that occasion Lieut. Henn and other visiting yachtmen expressed the opinion that the squadron's course was the best in America. On the 14th of last June the new club house of the squadron was formally opened by Admiral Watson. An exceptionally large attendance

of members and their guests, including ladies and officers of the garrison and fleet, a very fine day, a regimental band and a profusion of refreshments made the opening one of the pleasantest social functions of the season. Every race day there is a military band and tea, and the club house is graced by a number of pretty girls, with whom the club's modest hospitalities seem to grow more popular. By a rule lately adopted, ladies attended by members are to be admitted to the club grounds every evening. A commodious boat house and a quiet ground



MR. A. C. EDWARDS, Commodore.

adjoins the club house, both of which are much used by members. There are also facilities for bathing. Considering all its attractions, there are few institutions anywhere that supply more healthful enjoyment for a moderate outlay than the Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron. The first of the squadron's eleven fixtures for the present season is the race for the Archibald Cup on Saturday, June 6. The custom of electing the Governor General commodore of the squadron has been discontinued, and the present officers are: Commodore, A. C. Edwards; vice-commodore, Jas. Fraser; rear commodore, W. G. Jones; secretary, H. M. Wylde; honorary treasurer, James W. Stairs.



SIR W. V. WHITEWAY, K.C.M.G.
Premier of Newfoundland, and Chairman of the Delegation.



MR. A. B. MORINE,
Leader of the Opposition in the House of Assembly.
THE NEWFOUNDLAND DELEGATES.

Note Extension of Time in PRIZE COMPETITION.

Literary Competition.

The Publishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED offer the sum of \$130 in four prizes for short stories from Canadian writers—

1st prize.....	\$60
2nd ".....	40
3rd ".....	20
4th ".....	10

On the following conditions:

- 1st—All stories must be delivered at the office of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED not later than 1st August next.
- 2nd—Each story to contain not less than 5,000 words, and not to exceed 8,000 words,
- 3rd—All MS. sent in for this competition to become the property of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.
- 4th—Each story must contain a motto on top of first page, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope, inside of which is stated the name and address of the writer. The outside of envelope to bear motto used on story.
- 5th—MS. to be written in ink, and on one side of paper only.

6th—Stories on Canadian subjects are preferred.
THE SABISTON LITHO. & PUB. CO.,
Publishers "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED,"
Montreal.



THE HAPPY FAMILY.



The New Bonnets—Smart Coats—The Education of Girls—Diamonds—A New Dish.

The new bonnets, I am glad to say, are undoubtedly a trifle larger than they were, and though they are of fantastic shapes, there is decidedly more of them on the head. Here is one that is made of gold tissue embroidered with cabochons of jet and some imitation swallows set on in front and at the back, and you will see it quite covers the head. There is a great difference of opinion in the matter of wearing strings to bonnets. Those who wear mantles or jackets with very high collars scarcely need them, for they reach nearly up to the ears. For my own taste I think that strings suit English faces best, and that they give a more complete look to a bonnet than without them. Therefore I have chosen one that is bordered with violets, the foundation being of deep green *crêpe lisse*, sprinkled with tiny



specks of gold, and a knot of dark green velvet at the back, which also forms strings. These are not always tied in a bow, but very frequently the ends are fastened up under each ear by pins with ornamental heads to them. As to hats, though they are worn very large at present, it is as well for those who are thinking of buying their summer millinery not to invest in any with very wide brims, as

they will not last long in fashion, but to choose a more medium width. Wide ribbon is a very favourite trimming, and I will give you sketches of two ways of disposing it on the various kinds of open straw of which hats are now made. You will find as the season progresses that the back of the very wide-brimmed hats will no longer be turned up to show the hair behind, but actually cut away to give place to it. Of course every kind of spring flower is worn on hats, but the small varieties are preferred. The small boat-shaped hat now so prevalent at race meetings, will, I prophesy, soon be very common, just because it is a shape that is wonderfully becoming to everyone

* * *

Smart coats are very much worn over plain skirts, and they are useful for an intermediary costume between a regular mantle and a thin walking-dress. I give you the design of a French one that is made of black velvet with sleeves, revers, waistcoat, and cuffs in a dull shade of helio-



trope or fawn. The cuffs and waistcoat are embroidered or braided with silver or gold. Silver is more fashionable than gold just now, but is more costly as it does not last so long. The border may be either of heliotrope, or fawn feather trimming, in a darker shade or of black. This same coat looks well with the heliotrope part in white cloth or silk.

* * *

The education of girls ought to be good nowadays, for the advantages and assistance obtainable have become so much more numerous, and so very superior to what they were even twenty years ago. Education—so called—by which I suppose we mean all that is included in the word "English"—two or three modern languages, a smattering of Latin and possibly Greek, also of science in two or three departments, may be procured wonderfully cheaply and reasonably. But I find from the letters of my girl friends, especially those who live in rather out of the way places, far from any town or centre of education, that they seem rather at a loss how to employ themselves. Even with a certain amount of household work to attend to, no girl or woman need become a mere household drudge. Home duties, whenever there are any, must come first in a woman's life, and I have no sympathy nor approval for the young ladies who go out as nursing sisters to the poor, with an invalid father, mother, brother, or sister at home, neglected in consequence, and who should receive their first attention. But even to all home duties, every girl may join some pursuit or occupation which she may turn to account, either by learning something which will give her that power that knowledge brings, or by earning something which will help her to that independence which money gives. I have long thought that all girls should have a trade put into their hands when they are young, and taught

some employment by which, in addition to an intellectual education, they might be able "to turn an honest penny," should dark days ever befall them. Great discrimination should of course be used in what they are taught of any kind. I look upon it as worse than injudicious, in fact downright wrong to force girls to learn music and drawing, and indeed many other things if they have no natural ear for one, nor eye nor taste for the other, and where there is absolutely no need to learn them. It wastes valuable time and money, and is not a wholesome discipline in any sense of the word. It certainly is best however, and most for their happiness that every girl, (and boy too) should have an object in life other than the one that is too often made the one paramount idea and thought, namely marriage. There are few unkinder things than for wealthy parents to condemn their children to a life of idleness. One hears sometimes, "Oh, Jack will never need to work, he is amply provided for," or "My girl will have such and such an amount, on her wedding day, and be quite independent of her husband." The result generally is that each of these young people are idle good-for-nothings, whose one object is their own enjoyment, the pursuit of which affords them no pleasure. No girl (or boy) should be too well off to learn how to employ themselves. This is why our great and noble Prince Albert was so wise as a father. He had his little lads all taught to do carpentering and many other useful handicrafts, which they used to follow in their own little workshop at Osborne, and elsewhere. And to girls, our beloved Princess of Wales sets a bright example, for before she was married, and was only a simple Danish princess without much means for so exalted a station, she used to make her own dresses, and trim her own bonnets, and, I am told, was very clever and tasteful about it. Never let your girls and boys hang about and be idle, even when they are quite little; always plan something for them to do regularly, if only two hours out of the day, and you will make them useful and happy members of society. What more odious thing is there than a man who has nothing to do and idles about in everyone's way at home?—and how we women despise him and wish him farther. But how truly we are ashamed of the lazy do-nothing girl, who only reads novels all day and throws away "God's great gift of time."

* * *

Diamonds are certainly glorious stones, and doubtless the most brilliant of gems, but we have still a more sparkling and glistening ornament than diamonds. Amongst the greatest novelties are the new jewels made to contain electric lights. Many people who have seen the *coryphées* of the theatre ballets suppose that they are the only people who wear such decorations. But such is not the case; and these dainty little adornments are made in a variety of forms which can be worn by anyone provided they can manage to dispose of the small accumulator in some manner that is not visible. Very pretty pins are made for the hair with a tiny spark of light in their heads. At a recent bazaar I saw a well-known lady wearing a real pink rose fastened to her throat, and like a shimmering dewdrop was a little electric light placed in it, which threw up a wonderful gleam. Brooches can be made to contain the spark, and I doubt not the invention might be far more widely developed, if only the accompanying little bottle-shaped accumulator can be stowed away out of sight.

* * *

A new dish I claim to have invented, and I hope some of my kind readers will do me the honour to try it. I presume that most people know what an ordinary lemon sponge is, as described in the cookery books; well, instead of making a purely lemon sponge use the juice of only one large lemon, and whip in by degrees three tablespoonfuls of raspberry jelly; colour the sponge with a little cochineal and when cold you will have a very ornamental sweet dish, which should be served with custard round it. Raspberry jelly is made like currant jelly—without the seeds that I think make raspberry jam so unpleasant.

"I RETURN the inclosed manuscript," wrote the editor of a religious weekly, "simply because I am so full at present." The contributor replied that when the editor's foot was over he would be glad to submit the manuscript again. —*What We Do*.